THE CHRONICLE

OF THE

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY

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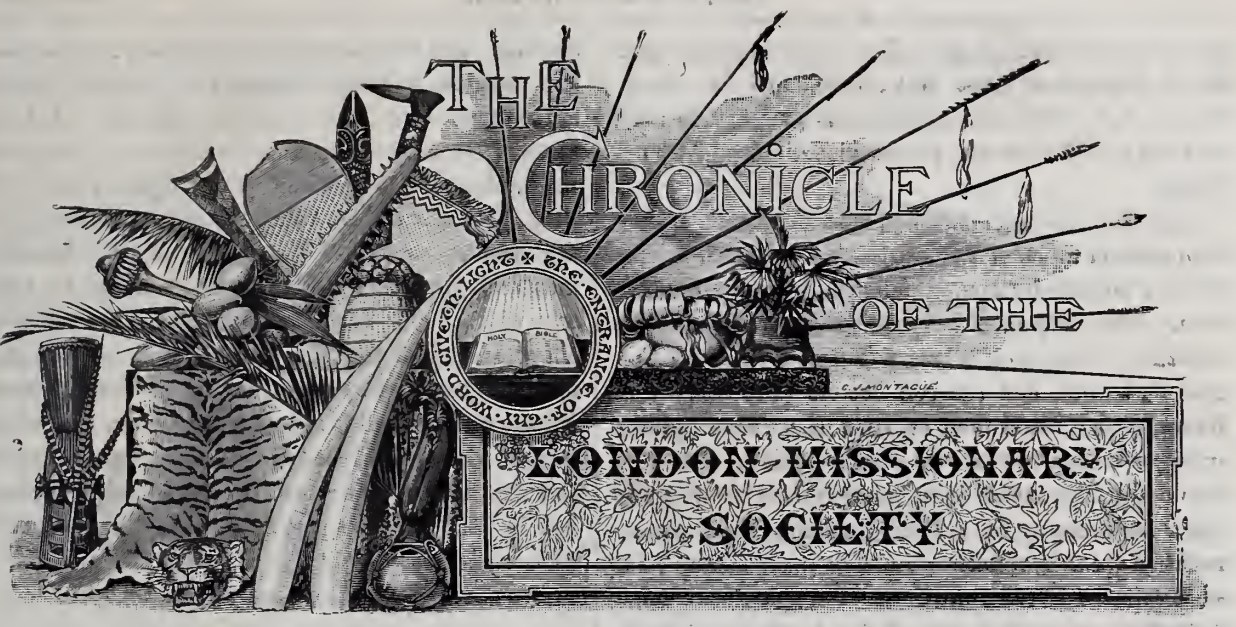

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PUT TO THE TEST.

"IS the Forward Movement to be allowed to fail?" is a question that presses for an answer. That the movement is in great peril there can be no doubt, and to substantiate this assertion we cannot do better than give a concrete example and illustration, taking for our purpose a mission well known, often thought of and prayed for, and one that has promised to gain greatly in power for good, through this very movement—viz., the Mid-China Mission, whose headquarters are at Hankow.

Here are the facts. The Mission was commenced in 1861, and has grown in strength year by year. Dr. Griffith John is the revered and beloved senior missionary, and with the Revs. A. Foster, B.A., W. Owen, A. Bonsey, C. G. Sparham, Mr. T. Gillison, M.B., C.M., and since 1890, Mr. A. M. Mackay, M.B., C.M., as earnest and faithful colleagues, has been used by God for greatly extending the influence of Christianity, not only in the city of Hankow and its neighbour Wuchang, but also through a wide district round about.

Hankow, from its central position, is in touch with the entire province of Hupeh, and the twenty-eight millions of population resident in this province are all accessible to itinerating missionaries, whilst the daily preaching of the Gospel in the chapels of Hankow itself is attended by visitors from the whole of China. Wuchang, which stands on the opposite side of the Yang-tze facing Hankow, is the capital of the province, and its political as the former is its commercial, centre. Wuchang is also one of the great seats of Chinese learning, and contains within its ancient grey walls examination halls capable of seating over 10,000 students. It has a population of 200,000.

The work has steadily grown year by year until there is now a native Christian community numbering 1,400. The itinerating work of Dr. John and his companions, and the beneficent influence of the Medical Mission, have done much to disarm native anti-foreign feeling, and to convince the people of Mid-China that in Christianity there is for them as well as for others a truly great blessing. The openings in the district were so full of promise, and the claims were so urgently and eloquently enforced by the missionaries on the spot, that on the inauguration of the Forward Movement Hankow naturally took a prominent place amongst the missions to be reinforced. Dr. Mackay had already been sent out, and was busily engaged learning the language and acting as Dr. Gillison's substitute during the latter's absence on furlough. In 1891 Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Terrell, who came to the Society from Highbury Chapel, Bristol, were sent out to open a

new country station at Hiau Kan. The following year Mr. S. Lavington Hart, M.A., D.Sc., and Mr. G. S. Walton, M.B., C.M., were added to the staff, and by their accession the Mission was placed on a thoroughly sound footing.

Hiau Kan has been occupied, and the strong feeling of opposition which at first existed has subsided, so that it is now possible for Mrs. Terrell to move freely about the town. The newly-appointed missionaries have acquired a sufficient knowledge of Chinese to enable them to enter upon full work, and the two doctors (Dr. Mackay at Wuchang and Dr. Walton at Hiau Kan) have opening up before them a field of very wide usefulness. Resulting from the appointment of these brethren there has naturally arisen the necessity for providing suitable house accommodation for their residence, and also small hospitals for the treatment of their patients. Without a hospital, a medical missionary is so fettered that he finds it next to impossible to carry on any truly satisfactory work. He can simply conduct a dispensary.

Meeting in January last, the Hankow District Committee, in presence of the urgent need for both houses and hospitals for carrying on this new work, and naturally concluding that as the Directors had deliberately adopted the policy of enlarging its staff, it was only right that the men and women who had been sent abroad should be properly provided for, passed resolutions recommending: (1) that the present dwelling-house in Hiau Kan, a small incommodious building, which has served simply as a temporary home, be altered and turned into a hospital; (2) that a piece of ground, much needed for the completion of the compound, and that had upon it various native buildings which would be of great use for the accommodation of Chinese assistants, should be purchased at a low figure; and (3) that to cover the cost of the above, together with the erection of two houses upon the present compound, the Committee should ask for a grant of Taels 2,400. The Committee further asked for a grant of Taels 3,400 for the erection of a hospital in Wuchang, and Taels 4,500 for the erection of a double mission-house in Wuchang, to be occupied by Dr. Mackay and Dr. Hart, the house now occupied by them being required for the use of the Rev. W. Owen on his return to China a few months hence.

These claims were considered by the Board at its last meeting. The Directors of the Society fully recognise their force, and the proposals submitted by the District Committee meet with their heartiest approval. Had they consulted their own wishes and sense of what was due to the brethren in the field and to the urgent needs of the work, they would have voted the money forthwith; but the definite prospect of a large adverse balance a month hence compelled them to hesitate to vote a sum of £1,500. For a month their decision remains in abeyance, and, in the meantime, these facts being circulated and pondered by the friends of the Society throughout the country, will it is hoped serve as an object-lesson both of what the Forward Movement necessarily involves, and also the need for a general rallying—not in word only, but in deed—to this progressive policy, if it is not to prove a disastrous failure.

SECRETARIAL NOTES.

FROM THE FOREIGN SECRETARY.

Our new Mission vessel has at last left the builders' hands, and is now flying the Society's flag in active service. After the long and vexatious delay, caused by the joiners' strike, had been ended, the workmen pushed on as rapidly as they could, and on Thursday, March 8th, the vessel went on her trial trip in the Firth of Clyde. She was tried first under steam, making ten runs under various conditions at the measured mile, and attaining a maximum speed of nine and a half knots, which was regarded by those experienced in such matters as exceedingly satisfactory under somewhat unfavourable circumstances of wind and weather. When the steam trials had been completed, the screw was feathered and the sails were set. In this trial also the good qualities of the ship came out conspicuously, a speed of seven knots being attained with a very moderate breeze. The appearance of the vessel from the shore was most attractive, it being remarked by more than one that she was more like a Government despatch boat than any ordinary steamer. Those of us who had the privilege of being on board during the trial trip greatly enjoyed the day, and were delighted with her performances. Having satisfactorily completed her trials, she came up the Clyde to the Broomielaw, where she was berthed in a convenient position for purposes of exhibition to the public.

On the following Saturday morning a deeply interesting Dedication Service was held on the deck of the vessel as she lay at the Broomielaw Quay. The fore part of the main deck had been covered in by awnings, and was packed with friends from various places, including Sir William Henderson, of Aberdeen; Mr. Johnstone, of Montrose; a party of about fifty from Edinburgh, and many representatives of different Christian denominations in Glasgow and the neighbourhood. A small choir of Sunday-school children had been gathered to lead the singing.

The Rev. T. Eynon Davies, of Elgin Place Church, presided; the Rev. James Gregory, of Augustine Church, Edinburgh, read Psalm lxxii.; prayers were offered by the Rev. Dr. Corbett, of the United Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. F. H. Robarts, Baptist minister; and addresses were delivered by the Chairman, the Rev. S. McFarlane, LL.D., Capt. Turpie, the Rev. George Gladstone, and myself. At the close of the service, the vessel was thrown open for inspection, and a very large number visited her, not only on the Saturday, but on the following Monday and Tuesday. The expressions of satisfaction and pleasure on the part of visitors were very general, and all who know anything of the conditions of the work for which the vessel is intended were delighted with the arrangements made alike for the accommodation of European missionaries, native teachers, and the crew.

THE vessel is now in the course of her voyage down the West Coast, and will take the opportunity of calling at several important ports before she reaches London. It has been a source of very great regret to the Directors that they have been unable to arrange for her to visit a larger number of places. The friends who are most interested in her will, however, appreciate the necessity for the arrangements made by the Directors when they learn that, in consequence of the long delay in the completion of the vessel, it has become necessary to commission the old *John Williams* for another voyage, and that the Society has already become involved in very heavy additional expenditure, which was not reckoned npon when the vessel was commenced. It is now essential that she should get to her destination as early as possible.

R. WARDLAW THOMPSON.

FROM THE HOME SECRETARY.

TWO changes in the Anniversary arrangements have to be reported. The Watchers' Band Meeting and the Conversazione on Wednesday, May 9th, will be held at the Cannon Street Hotel, and *not* at the Freemasons' Tavern. The Young Men's Meeting, arranged for Friday, May 11th, will be omitted this year, as the time is too near to the Whitsuntide holidays for a successful gathering.

As there appeared to be some confusion about the aim of the Centenary movement, the Board has declared that the establishment of the Forward Movement is the Centenary policy of the Society. Surely this is the best policy too. We cannot find a worthier way of showing our gratitude to God for what He has wrought through the Society in the past hundred years than by entering upon the second hundred years with an enlarged staff, an annual income sufficient to meet the present annual expenditure, and a wider and more consecrated constituency throughout the country. Our present object is to accomplish the difficult task of raising the annual income of the Society by some £25,000. It is far easier to raise a large Centenary fund than to increase the annual income, because you need for the latter a growth of real interest in the work. A large fund may be raised by excitement; a greatly-increased annual income requires enthusiasm. In my judgment a Centenary fund should come as a special outburst of the enthusiasm which has previously raised and enlarged the regular income.

THE Centenary movement puts additional stress upon the staff in this house. To hear some people talk, one would imagine we had an easy, if not a very quiet time of it here. I have not yet had an opportunity of obtaining thorough returns of our various work, and I give the following only as an approximation. We receive during the year 15,000 letters, and we despatch at least 13,000. We hold about twenty-two Board meetings, and our Standing Committees, Special Committees and Sub-Committees come to a hundred in addition. Our missionaries on furlough, too, are kept moving, for they take part in something like three thousand meetings during the year. I expected to find a good deal of work when I took office. I have not yet enjoyed the prospect of a resting time in which one would feel that the work had been fairly well *attempted*.

ARTHUR N. JOHNSON.

FROM THE EDITORIAL SECRETARY.

MY appeal for copies of a book entitled "Transactions of the Missionary Society," has awakened so much interest that I am embarrassed by the receipt of volumes of old magazines, reports, &c., which we do not require. It is the "*Transactions*" alone that are missing, especially Vol. I.

TWO minor publications have been issued during the month, the one a *Guide* for use in forming and working auxiliaries, the other a *Historical Summary* showing the origin, growth, and present position of the Society. The price in each case is one penny. Both should be useful, the latter particularly, in view of the educational work now in progress in anticipation of the Centenary.

THE papers which appeared in the CHRONICLE during 1893, entitled "Welsh Missionaries," have been translated into the Welsh language by their author, the Rev. J. A. Jenkins, B.A., Cardiff, and can be obtained from Roberts Brothers, Printers Cardiff.

THE demand for the sets of books issued as our Centenary Library has been so encouraging that a fresh supply has become necessary, and is now in course of preparation.

IN many Sunday-schools, the plan of substituting bags for boxes for collecting the children's pence on Sundays is being adopted. To meet the demand for these, we have laid in a stock of jean bags, neatly stamped with the Society's name. These we can supply either in quantity, or singly as samples, which a sewing meeting could easily multiply.

A CHURCH in the North-West, at a recent church meeting, decided to place a small missionary box in each family connected with the church, and each member was pledged to give a certain sum every week without fail. Eighty boxes were sent for this purpose. Is not this an example that might be followed in many other places?

A NEW magazine has been published, called *The Missions of the World*, which is intended to give the latest and most important intelligence from all parts of the mission-field, and from all societies. Editor, Rev. G. Carlyle, M.A., author of the "Memoirs of Adolph Saphir, D.D."

THE Rev. Nundo Lall Doss, whose visit to this country many of our readers will recall with pleasure, has published a book of "Reminiscences, English and Australian," price 3s., copies of which we have on sale. Though appearing somewhat late in the day, the book will not fail to interest Mr. Doss's friends, from whom we shall be happy to receive orders.

So many applications reach us for books on missionary topics that we have been compelled to keep on hand a supply of others besides our own. The latest additions to our list are :—

"The Matabele." By Rev. D. Carnegie.
"The Story of James Gilmour." By Mrs. Bryson.
"Madagascar." By Rev. W. J. Townsend.

GEORGE COUSINS.

NEW WORK IN THE MIRZAPUR DISTRICT: KACHHWA.

THE new mission station at Kachhwa has been a subject of thought for some time; it has been settled on paper for several months; now it has reached the canvas stage. Dr. Ashton and I came out on November 17th, and had our mission premises erected in a few hours—a tent each for the doctor and myself, and smaller ones for the medical assistant, servants, kitchen, &c. We said to ourselves and we said to our new neighbours: "Here we are." How gladly would we have added "And here we mean to stay"; but the thermometer at 170 will be prohibitive, and, until we can get more substantial houses, we shall have to seek shelter for the hot and rainy seasons elsewhere. Dr. and Mrs. Ashton will probably have to remove to some distance and carry on work at some other station, as there is no accommodation available for them anywhere near. I am hoping to secure a very small bungalow, which will be large enough for a grass-widower, at Jamua, a village about six miles distant. There is a good road between Jamua and Kachhwa, and my bicycle will enable me to keep in close touch with the people here.

From a commercial standpoint, Kachhwa is not a very important place—a village containing about 3,500 people, with numerous and well-populated villages on three sides. The sacred Ganges is only about a mile distant. Benares is twenty miles away towards the east, and Mirzapur to the west, so we can proudly say ours is the *central* station. The village is neither handsome nor picturesque; the sanitary arrangements are not perfect; even the main road is not monotonously even, and neither electric light nor oil lamps illuminate the thoroughfares at night. The shops would not bear a favourable comparison with Oxford Street. Kachhwa, in short, is a fair specimen of an Indian village of its size. Twice a week (on Tuesday and Saturday afternoons) a market is held, which is well attended. The village then assumes its gayest aspect; greengrocers' shops are spread out on the dusty road; shoes and gorgeous ready-made garments tempt the dilapidated; bright-coloured children's caps, hair combs, looking glasses, ear ornaments, and other necessaries and luxuries, in all their glittering splendour, are displayed on sheets along the roadside; not uncommonly a huge elephant treads his stately way through the busy crowd; and altogether we have festive times. We eagerly avail ourselves of these opportunities for preaching, and have appropriated a splendid standing ground for our work. Once only was any attempt made to hoist us from our position; then some worthy iron workers had turned out their stock of

REV E. GREAVES DR. ASHTON.

L.M.S. CAMP, KACHHWA.

huge iron pans (used in the manufacture of sugar), and spread them all over our platform, with the evident intention of hindering us from taking our usual stand. Not wishing to injure any of these pans with our shins, I got one of the catechists to help me, and we piled the pans carefully on one another in an out-of-the-way corner. Since that day we have enjoyed undisputed possession of our ground. We always secure a goodly number of hearers, and they listen patiently, and even approvingly, to our message. Occasionally a priest or a village wag tries his hand on us, but we invariably have the sympathies of the people on our side, and they receive some "straight talks," in a way which often excites our wonder. "The water bears the stones;" or, as a native proverb has it, "The rope wears through the stone by the well side," and we preach away in the sure belief that God's truth will wear its way through the somewhat stony consciences of the people, and find hearts of flesh responding to the Divine call, and to the gracious invitation to holiness and peace.

There is a bi-weekly market also at Jamua, and I generally get over there. At first a few men were very cantankerous, but now the opposition is silenced, and we meet with a kindly hearing.

My hope is directed, however, not so much to these stated preachings as to the closer contact with the people in their own villages. As a rule I let the two Benares catechists (who are working out here with me for a while) go their way, and I get off alone in another direction, that my visit may be less formal and more friendly; and it is most gratifying to find on what cordial terms we are with many of the people. Dr. Ashton's work does much to realise to them that we come into their midst with a very hearty goodwill, and I honestly believe that in the case of very many, so far from regarding us as impertinent intruders, they look upon us as their real friends, and are glad to find that we intend to be their permanent neighbours.

The doctor has a big following; day by day the patients crowd round his tent and give him a right lively time of it for hours. I ought not to tell his tale, but as I have been his head assistant sometimes, and on some occasions when he has had to be away have even been a frail representative of the doctor himself, I may venture to say in a line how eagerly the people come, and how gratified they go away. Very often over a hundred patients come in a day—on one occasion there were over 170.

Not a little time and thought have been spent in planning for the future. We have fixed on a most advantageous site for residences and medical work, and the owners are willing to sell at a reasonable price if the Directors can grant us the money. As regards buildings, we have drawn plans, and twisted them about, put them aside, and started afresh, seen objections and obviated them, till at last we feel that we have got the whole thing all but perfect—*on paper*. Whether the other members of the Committe, and the Directors will take the same view is another matter. One imaginative brother has been out to visit us, has wandered round the site, and seen the bungalows erected and tenanted. I wish I had.

Our Mirzapur district has not been one of the fruitful fields up to the present. Not a few who look from a distance have felt disappointment, and we on the spot have felt it keenly; but surely there is Divine promise and prophecy in the fact that after so many years of toil the workers can go on with undiminished faith and joyful hope. To-day, for instance (the clock says "yesterday"), I mounted my bicycle and went to a bathing festival (call it a religious picnic) seven miles distant; and Mr. Theobald and the two Benares catechists joined me. We had a good time, sold some gospels and tracts, distributed leaflets, and preached several times to attentive audiences. After some lunch on the spot I started off for a nineteen miles roundabout spin to Jamua (getting a few words with some people at Mirzamurad on my way). At Jamua market I got a congregation who listened splendidly as I told them about the resurrection of Lazarus, and of Jesus, "the Resurrection and the Life"; and as I did my six-mile rattle home I felt that, in spite of all the disappointments of the past, the joy of this work was as keen, the hope as fervid, and the conviction of Christ's coming triumph as strong as ever they were in imagination when first I heard the Master's thrilling voice: "Go forth."

Edwin Greaves.

Kachhwa, January 12th, 1894.

CHINESE MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL.

"K—— has resolved to give up the ministry and go abroad to engage in business." "He says he is utterly discouraged, and seems to feel that his heart was never sufficiently set on the work of Christ."

This was the word sent to us by a friend about a young evangelist with whose history we had had to do. It caused great distress because of the mischief that would work in every direction from such an example, as well as the evil and peril of the young man himself. It was supposed that there was no hope for him; accounts were squared with him, and he was disconnected from Christian work, with which, of various kinds, he had been connected for three years, and for which he had passed through our college. Several friends were ready with the opinion that there was no use in trying to change the man's purpose, because it had been allowed to grow and become strong, and worldly attractions were powerful on him. Some of us reasoned, however that there had been good both in the man and in his work, that he had become discouraged by the special trials of a young preacher, that the will of God had not been consulted sufficiently, that there were serious public questions to be settled—*e.g.*, his vow of service, his indebtedness to his college, his relationship to missionaries (as spiritual fathers),

the evils of character from which he had been saved, and the self-deception he was practising in arguing that he could easily retrace his steps after a time.

Various earnest and prayerful efforts were made to influence him rightly towards God and the salvation of souls.

1. Missionaries and native pastors spoke in conference with him about the grave issues at stake, and virtually got him to promise that he would reconsider, and try to face the trials which he felt of poverty and inability to make a home, and various inconveniences which seemed to press on him. It was not easy to impress him. Many young friends have gone through similar experiences in the years past, but none have been more trying than this one.

2. A young man who had been a fellow-student with him lay dying. Strange to say, these two and one other had become students together, all belonged to one church, all had particular care expended on them, and yet all gave us care. These two, the dying man and the faithless minister, now came face to face. The dying man said to K.: "Do not set your heart on the world. I did so; see how I am disappointed."

3. The father of the young man (K.) is a Bible distributor. I called him to consider his son's course. He seemed under the influence of various fallacies. First, that inclination may be taken as a guide; and second, that possibly his son might go abroad as Abraham did (!) and obtain an inheritance. I explained to him lessons that had been burnt into me through life, that one's private likings had often to be sacrificed mercilessly; and that his son in throwing up God's service, breaking his vows, and going away into ways of danger, was entirely opposed to the life and spirit of Abraham.

Happily, a pastor came in who has been abroad. He spoke with unparalleled point and power about the perils of those who plunge themselves into the life of emigrants from Amoy —on shipboard, and on landing, and at every stage, endless perplexity and trial and loss and wickedness, and even loss of life often. Again, we came back to the point that for Christians to act without a definite understanding of God's will is most perilous. At last we agreed that we would unite, and would ask all our friends to unite, in prayer for two objects:—

(*a*) That the man might be saved.

(*b*) That his life-work might be pointed out clearly.

Many friends gladly united with us on this matter, and on Sunday there was special attention to the question.

After the first interview K. did not like to come again. It was said he feared to do so, lest painful words which sometimes had been uttered to evil-doers might be spoken to him. In a low state of conscience, such as we have to contend against, the terrors of the Lord, as well as His mercy, have to be set forth. However, means were still kept up.

4. An excellent native pastor saw K. and dealt faithfully with him. And to divert him from carrying out his plan, showed him various new ways in which he might serve Christ, if, indeed, he was over-burdened at present by the claims of the ministry. We had even considered a new plan of usefulness for which he might be specially fitted—viz., that he should conduct a lending library. From this he shrank, because of the serious responsibilities of several kinds.

5. It seemed to me that it might be well to encourage K. by showing him views of the ministry which he had overlooked. Thus:

(1) There is opportunity for further study, which he says he values.

(2) As a lover of men, he has grand opportunities of winning souls.

(3) In the blessedness of prayer he can train both himself and others.

(4) He is brought into a direct relation with all the good of the world. This point seems worthy of great attention, and I have explained that any worthy communication with friends of the West would be translated by us gladly.

Once or twice, in addition to all the above means, I was able to communicate with K. through a brother, who is one of our students.

It is important to note the wide-spread good which has come out of this sorrow over K.:

(*a*) A great spirit of prayerfulness has been called into exercise.

(*b*) In connection with him and others, the church to which he belongs has appointed a day of *self-examination*.

This is the first with which I am acquainted of the kind in China. It was proposed by the pastor of the church. Even Richard Baxter could hardly have had a better idea.

(*c*) The whole Mission has been stirred, and, at considerable cost of money, time, and strength, we have arranged to hold a great conference of all our pastors and preachers from all the districts.

The plan is to bring up all such questions as above referred to—to see where the heart is; how best to work; what results we may expect. The Christian ministry is not valued in some quarters, because of its humility and poverty and trial, and because men find a difficulty in establishing and keeping up a home (*i.e.*, marrying), which, to the Chinese, is an essential of life.

I will now conclude with a piece of good news. Yesterday the native pastor of the church to which K. belongs came into my study in a glad state of mind, and explained that K.'s spirit had improved. He only now asks that he may not be sent to the most distant of our work. Though there is no great talking, the understanding is that he has repented—the rash plan of going abroad is given up. He is willing to work again at soul-saving with its trials. Let us pray for him that new strength may be given him for new duties, and for all who in this country are raised up from the natives to help the light and life of their fellows and lead men to God.

J. Sadler.

THE MADRAS CITY TEMPLE.

By the Rev. Maurice Phillips.

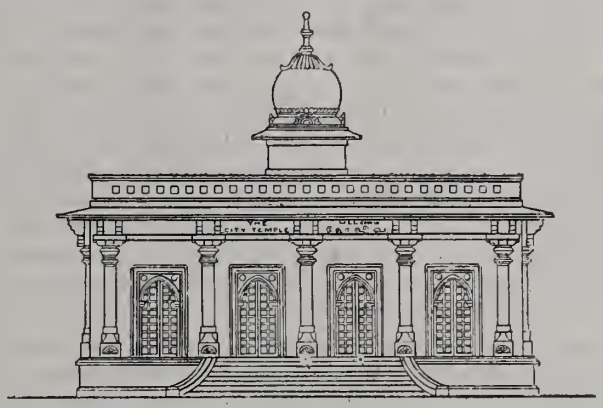
On this page is a plan of the proposed "City Temple" for Madras. A few remarks are necessary to explain what has led to this proposal.

After lahouring in the district of Salem, in South India, for twenty-four years, I was transferred at the commencement of 1886 to the city of Madras; hecause there was not a foreign missionary there capable of preaching to the people in their own language, the Tamil. There were ahout sixteen missionaries in connection with various Protestant societies who devoted their time to English teaching in Schools and Colleges.

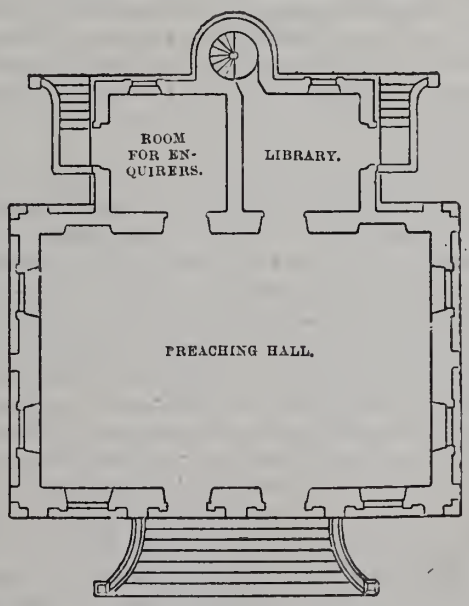
I took with me from Salem three well-trained Evangelists, and selected certain centres in different parts of the city where we could preach without interfering with the puhlic thoroughfares. We visit these centres in rotation mornings and evenings. We began hy preaching twice a day five days in the week, but found this heyond our strength. We then adopted the plan of preaching twice a day two days in the week, and once three days, making a total of seven times in the week. After every meeting we offer Bihles and Christian hooks for sale, answer ohjections, and sometimes engage in puhlic discussions. Saturday we set apart to prepare for Sundays, for we have two native churches in the city requiring our services on the Lord's Day.

We were greatly encouraged during the first year. Hundreds listened attentively to our message; and many eagerly hought our hooks. But in the second year the zealots of Hinduism took fright. They summoned a meeting to consider our preaching, and what means should be used to counteract its influence; and, as the result, they estahlished the "Hindu Tract Society" and the "Hindu Preaching Society."

The "Hindu Tract Society" sent forth thousands of tracts, pamphlets, and handbills against Christianity every week. In these puhlications, the infidel ohjections made against the Bible in England and America were reproduced, missionaries were held up to ridicule, and the people were warned not to listen to them. A few extracts from the tracts will show what a tremendous excitement the simple preaching of the Gospel in the vernacular caused. "Missionaries come from England at great cost, and tell us that we are in heathen darkness, and that a bundle of fahles, called the Bihle, is the true Vedam (inspired word) which can enlighten us. They have cast their net over our children hy teaching them in their schools; and they have already made thousands of Christians and are continuing to do so. They have penetrated into the most out-of-the-way villages and huilt churches there. If we continue to sleep as we have done in the past not one will be found worshipping in our temples in a very short time; nay, the temples themselves will be converted into Christian churches." Then, with an indignation worthy of a better cause, the writer exclaims: "Do you not know that the number of Christians is increasing, and the numher of Hindu religionists decreasing every day? How long will water remain in a well which continually lets out, hut receives none in? If our religion be incessantly drained hy



ELEVATION.



PLAN.

Scale of Feet.

Christianity without receiving any accessions, how can it last? When our country is turned into the wilderness of Christianity will the herb of Hinduism grow?" Again: "Patriots of India; he warned in time! Do your duty! The Christian belief is slowly making way. It works secretly

and stealthily. Hinduism is being daily robbed of its votaries! Patriots of India, reflect well on our danger! Can you bear to see sacrilegious hands defaco or destroy our holy inheritance. The star-like Rishis are calling upon you to proclaim from house-top and hill-side, from meadow and valley, the sacred Gospel they have entrusted to you. Will you show yourselves worthy of the trust? We have slept long enough, shall we not now at least, with a great and grave danger looming before us in all its huge and hideous proportions, shake off our lethargy? Patriots of India! Rise and gird up your loins for the coming struggle. And may heaven guide your efforts, prosper them, and crown them with reward!" It is a curious coincidence that when the Hindus in Madras were thus wailing over the great progress of the Gospel, Canon Taylor, in England, was wailing over the "Great Missionary Failure!"

The literature distributed by the Hindu Tract Society in the city and throughout South India, instead of hindering our work had the contrary effect. It created more interest in the Gospel, which resulted in larger congregations, and increased sale of Christian books. To answer the current objections against the Bible made in the Hindu tracts, and to advocate its claims by means of the press, a monthly paper called the *Messenger of Truth* was started, and its success has been far beyond our anticipations. Though it is sold for one pie a copy it has reached a yearly circulation of more than a hundred thousand!

The "Hindu Preaching Society" sent forth a number of men to the streets and bazaars to preach Hinduism and abuse Christianity. At one time these preachers could be seen standing in almost every street, and the religious fermentation produced was marvellous. Two or three of them were daily told off to follow us and to start opposition preaching close to us, so as to attract our audience. At first they succeeded; but, after a while, they failed, the people remarking: "What is the use of listening to these preachers? They can tell us nothing but what we know. They always abuse Christians and their religion: why should they do so? It is not right." When they failed to break up our meetings by preaching, they resorted to physical force. They set the roughs upon us to push us down, so as to trample us under their feet, and to stone us! And many a stone has been thrown at us in that city of Madras! While preaching one morning two well-aimed stones were thrown rapidly, one after the other, at me, and the second inflicted a wound more than an inch long on my head above the temple. Had I not worn a thick felt helmet at the time, the probability is that the skull would have been fractured! We never found out the culprit. We were glad to find, however, that the audience did not sympathise with that treatment. Men and women ran for water, and did all they could to staunch the profuse bleeding. One man tore off a piece of his cloth and tied it round my head. We appeared next morning on the very same spot preaching again. We felt that the crisis had come, and that we must either conquer by the power of God or the heathen by the power of the devil. We determined to continue to preach though stones came pouring down upon us like rain from heaven—aye, and to lay down our life rather than give in! And God gave us the victory. From that time the opposition began to wane, and within three years, the "Hindu Tract Society" and the "Hindu Preaching Society" collapsed.

Some time ago I rented three bazaars in the most populous part of Madras, broke down the partition wall between them and turned them into one room. I had the walls covered with Scripture texts and mottoes, and the inside furnished with a desk, chairs and benches. The room will seat ninety persons; the whole of the front is open when the shutters are off, so that about fifty can stand on the steps and listen to the preaching. This was an experiment to see if the people would come regularly into a building to hear the Gospel. The plan has answered admirably. We have an audience of from 150 to 200 every evening. Some sit right through the service, and some go and come. This room is too small and hot to carry on our work efficiently, and no better can be rented. We feel, therefore, that the time has come to provide a suitable preaching hall, which, under God's blessing, will be a powerful means of bringing the Gospel to bear on the 400,000 inhabitants of Madras. I propose to build such a room, somewhat after the plan of an Hindu temple, so that the people may come in and out freely as they do in their own temples. If built in English style they will not do so. I propose that preaching be carried on in it all day, and every day in the week, by relays of preachers. It will be used also for delivering lectures to educated Hindus and for magic-lantern exhibitions. I have conducted Sunday afternoon lectures in English for the last six years with an attendance ranging between 50 and 200. And as I intend to build this Gospel-hall after the plan of a Hindu temple, I propose to call it "The Madras City Temple." Besides the large hall, which will accommodate about 500 persons, there will be a small reading-room, where the people can sit down and read the Bible and Christian books, and a consulting room where inquirers can meet us.

"The Madras City Temple" will cost a thousand pounds (£1,000).

India is reproducing with startling identity the phases of the fall of Roman heathenism in the first three centuries. The weakening of traditional faiths, the cry that the Ganges has lost its power to cleanse from sin, the pathetic wail over the growing influence of Christianity, the attempts at compromise (such as that of the Brahmo Somaj), the repeated defection of Brahman and Mohammedan leaders, the universal demand for education—these are some of the elements in the bewildering and intricate problem of India's future destiny.—*The Quarterly Review.*

A TOUR IN MONGOLIA.

By Rev. W. E. McFarlane.

(*Concluded from page* 73.)

NEXT morning I dispensed and preached to a mixed audience of Chinese soldiery, yamen runners, and a few Mongols—a much more forward and impudent crowd than the simple villagers of yesterday. A running fire of questions kept my wits alive. A middle-aged Mongol, with a round genial face, came in for much banter. The Chinese, of course, look down upon the Mongols as an inferior race. Their good nature and simplicity lay them open to be deceived and put upon. Here was an example of it. "Mongol, Mongol, Mongol," said one mockingly. He offered me a pinch of snuff (the Mongol greeting), which I took from a little bottle with a stopper and spoon combined. "He's offering him an empty snuff-box." I took an extra large pinch—more than was good for me, perhaps—in defence of my friend. "Don't put the paper in your eye," said another, as I wrapped up some eye medicine for his old father. He only smiled at this banter, which was accompanied by roars of laughter from everyone. I showed that I resented it by the special courtesy I paid him, as well as by such repartees as I could conjure up on his behalf; and my determination to befriend the Mongols, and spend my life for their highest good, was in no little degree stimulated by this incident.

The innkeeper's room I occupied had the windows riddled with holes, and the crowd surged outside, each endeavonring to get his eye in position to have a look at the foreigner. "I saw him"—"I saw his hat"—"Aye, look at his moustache: he must be fifty"—"He's eating rice with a spoon like a child"—were some of the remarks I caught. At this place I got several chats with Chinese-speaking Mongols. I spoke of the school I wished to start, and they seemed taken with the idea. The great objection seemed to be the distance from Chaoyang. "Couldn't you have a school here?" This is how it may have to start. I gathered that a great number of Mongols perished during the rebellion of two years ago. They seem to have fled in two directions, north-east and west, towards the plain. Numbers of burnt and pulled-down houses testified to the malignant work of the rebels, and there is little doubt that the task of reaching this people has been rendered much more difficult since this deplorable outbreak.

Getting tired of dispensing to a somewhat objectionable crowd, who would readily receive medicine, but had no disposition to buy books or to be spoken to seriously on any subject, I moved on to a Mongol village called Kolou'rn, and the change was a welcome one. Two men stopped me on the road for medicine: one came dashing after us on horseback, and another invited me into his cottage—a little mud-box stuck on top of a bank—to see a thin little baby that no amount of food would fatten.

The inn I reached at night was kept by a Mongol. It had been burnt down during the rebellion, and this was a brand-new one. For once I had clean rafters over my head. Everything was clean and fresh about the place except the innkeeper, who looked as if he had been born and brought up in a coal cellar, and had never washed his face or his clothes in his life.

After dispensing in the big inn room—mostly to Chinamen—I had an interesting chat with a well-to-do Mongol travelling to Chaoyang. He said: "We Mongols and you English are friends, and came originally from the same place. Our faces are alike. What's your name for dog?" I told him. He pronounced the Mongol name for it, which sounded to me something like kangaroo. "Ah, you see the language only differs a little." Then we compared the written numbers, and there were certainly one or two noticeable resemblances. I pointed out to him where the real difference lay between us—in the things of the soul—and hoped that the Mongols would some day be our brothers in this respect also.

An old Mongol of about sixty was firing my *k'ang*. He saw a picture of Pears' "You dirty boy" advertisement at the back of a *Punch*. "Is that a picture of Buddha?" he asked. "No," I said, "it's a woman washing a child." "Isn't it a picture of Buddha?" he asked next day.

I started in a south-west direction on my way back. We had to get across a frozen river. An hour later and it would not have borne us. The excitement was great as—the ice having been strewn with sand—the cart was driven over at top speed. Affairs were critical when one wheel went through, but, with violent efforts, we reached the other side. Carters were breaking the ice with ice-axes lower down, and men were up to their waist in water leading across several large carts, each drawn by a miscellaneous assortment of mules, donkeys, ponies, and oxen. Without bridges, every carter has to be his own engineer, and an exciting chapter might be written on the experiences of crossing rivers alone. Later we passed one or two underground houses, looking as if someone's roof had been blown off by the wind and deposited on the ground.

About 140 li from Chaoyang are some native coal mines, which I inspected on the way. A rude hole was made in the ground, of a considerable depth, and running into a gallery a third of a mile in length. A hut was built over it. I looked in, but at first could make nothing out for the darkness. At length I discerned some twenty men seated in a circle round some embers in a far corner. Close to my feet yawned the deep hole some five feet in diameter, and men were stationed at intervals down it, each with a light, that got dimmer and dimmer as it descended, until both men and lights seemed to fade into the very bowels of the earth. As this was the only shaft, the air below must have been stifling. The mine was full of water, and they were at work emptying it by means of a series of cups. Each man stood over

his cup, and emptied it with a basket into the cup above, the top man throwing the water into a trench which carried it away, and singing out with a kind of refrain the number of each bucket as he emptied it. A large stack of small coal, about forty feet high, and a few other smaller ones were the only signs of the presence of any coal workings.

A severe snowstorm commenced directly after reaching Chaoyang, as if it had waited for my return, for eight inches of snow obliterating the tracks prevents all travelling. The Chaoyang mountains now look beautiful and grand in their white garments. The air is keen and bracing, and the days bright and cloudless.

A TRIP TO AN INLAND STATION NEAR SHANGHAI.

DEAR MR. COUSINS,—Perhaps you may like to hear of a short trip which my husband and I took, last week, to one of our nearest inland stations, Loo Tien. Mr. Rees had many objections at first to my accompanying him, the principal one being the cold weather, and the native boats having no fire. However, I proved to him that by taking a foot-stove and warm winter clothing the primary objection could be overcome. I had already been three such journeys, but to much greater distances, and looked forward with pleasure to the fourth, although the shortest I have undertaken. We left Shanghai last Friday evening, about seven o'clock, going with the tide as far as Nai Ziang, where we anchored for some hours in the early morning.

Nai Ziang is a large town, about twenty-five miles by water from Shanghai, in which a missionary of the American Methodist Episcopal Mission is working. Leaving there about ten o'clock a.m., and passing Ka Ding, Loo Tien was reached late the same night, Saturday. On Sunday morning, about half-past nine, we left our boat, and proceeded to the chapel, where a large number of Christians awaited us with a hearty welcome. The newly-appointed preacher, an old gentleman of about seventy years of age, a graduate, is the most venerable Chinaman I have seen. It is a pleasure to see how he is respected by Christians and heathen alike. His common appellation is "Lau Ya," "Venerable Father," a term often applied to Mandarins and other persons of high rank. In time we hope to send you his photograph.

The service began at ten o'clock, and at its conclusion an old lady, seventy-three years of age, was baptized. She had thrown away her idols about a year ago, and seemed thoroughly sincere. It was pleasant to see the look of joy on her son's face; he was baptized a year ago, on the occasion of my first visit to Loo Tien, and to his teaching his mother's conversion was largely due. The Communion service followed the baptism.

It was now about one o'clock; so we returned to our boat, to take a hasty lunch, as we proposed going to the country in the afternoon. About two o'clock, Mr. Rees and I, with two Chinese helpers, started on wheelbarrows for a village called Lien Ka Ong, some few miles distant from Loo Tien. This was not my first experience of wheelbarrow travelling, although before leaving England I had firmly resolved never to use such a conveyance, though I might have to walk long distances. However, a short residence in the East has made me look on this, as on many other things, with different eyes. The first time, when travelling in this aristocratic manner, I felt slightly nervous when being trundled over narrow bridges of canals, with no protection on either side to prevent a catastrophe if overturned. But, no such catastrophe occurring, I enjoyed the ride exceedingly. We arrived at Lien Ka Ong about four o'clock, and went to the house of one of the Christians. Of course, as is generally the case in China, the room was soon crowded, with a still larger crowd outside. My personal appearance was freely commented upon, though I must say in a complimentary manner, as the Chinese are a polite people. My hostess, indeed, was too polite, as she brought me poached eggs to eat, and thinking I did not partake quickly enough, took the chop-sticks and wanted to feed me herself. Finally, I persuaded her that I was quite capable of performing that act myself, and afterwards kept the sticks in my own hand. At China New Year—that is, in about a fortnight—Mr. Rees intends to open a school at this place, and the teacher is to be Tsu Sie Sang, the man whose mother was baptized that morning. Each Sunday he and the two or three Christians there will worship together, as it is too far to go to Loo Tien each week. Leaving Lien Ka Ong, escorted by the inevitable crowd for some little way, we arrived at Loo Tien about seven o'clock. At eight we met some few Christians in a small room connected with the chapel, and had prayers with them.

Leaving Loo Tien at daybreak the next morning, we arrived in Shanghai on Monday evening at ten o'clock, after having had a most enjoyable trip.

In two months' time we hope to have a six weeks' trip, spending most of our time at Tsang Zob, our furthest station north of Shanghai. We hope to stay one week at Loo Tien, and hold there a week's mission, preaching to the heathen morning and afternoon, and probably meeting the Christians in the evening. We have a small portable organ, which we shall take with us, as we have already proved its power of attracting people at our mission-room in Lloyd Road, Shanghai. I shall be pleased to send you an account of those meetings, as we hope they will prove of much blessing to Loo Tien.—With kindest regards, believe me to be very sincerely yours, F. May Rees.

January 26th, 1894.

MONTHLY PRAYER MEETING.

ON Monday afternoon, April 2nd, from four to five p.m., the usual meeting for prayer will be held in the Board Room of the Mission House, 14, Blomfield Street, E.C. Recent information from the mission-field will be communicated. All friends of missions will be heartily welcomed.

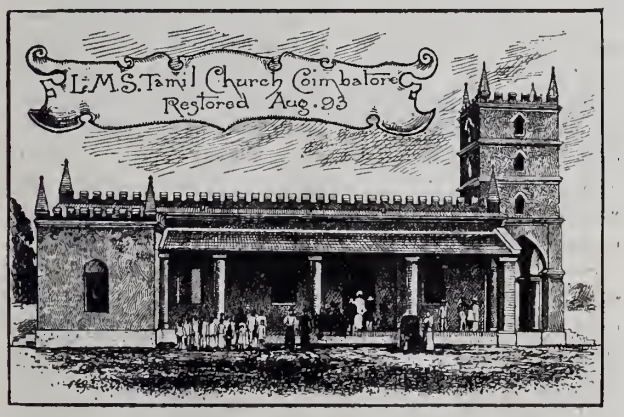
OUT OF THE BEATEN TRACK.

THE northern part of the northern taluks of Coimbatore is hill-country, wild and almost unknown. There are no roads, and the only approaches are narrow paths up the steep hillsides, undiscoverable to a stranger and unknown to most of the dwellers on the plains. I had, on several occasions, camped at Satyamangalam, near the foot of these hills, and wondered what lay beyond. In reply to all my inquiries, I could gather little more than that beyond the hills there were many villages whose inhabitants engaged chiefly in agriculture. So I determined to go and find out for myself.

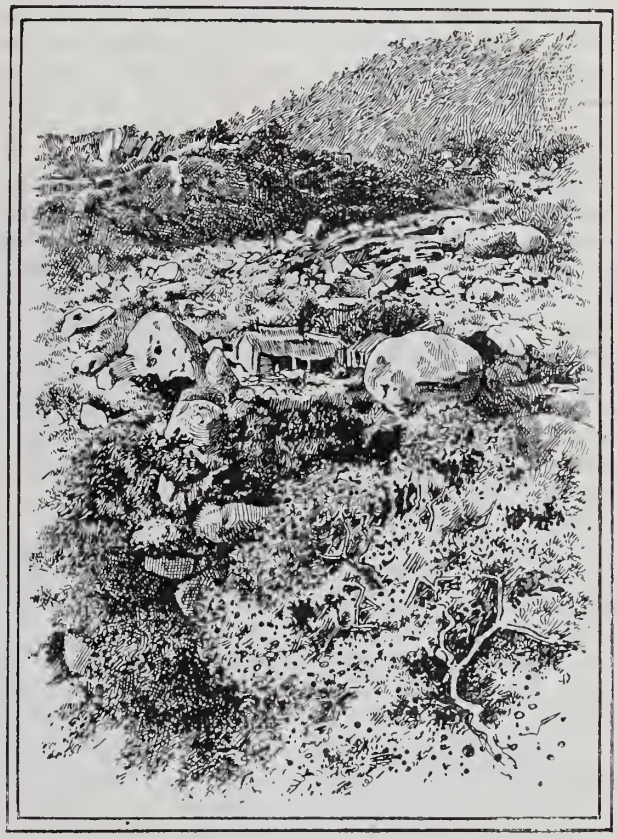
We started one morning before daybreak—myself, a native servant, Narayanan, and two guides, one of whom bore a basket of provisions, while the other one carried my camera and a change of clothing. The distance to the foot of the hills was about nine miles. The path ran through a thick jungle, where, many years ago, a "Forest King," with his hundred subjects, held supreme sway, and levied blackmail on all travellers for miles around.

This dusky Robin Hood had, at last, the hardihood to attack a caravan of a hundred bandies ("hundred" was, evidently, the guides' term for a large, but indefinite number); but, unfortunately for him, one of the bandy men had a gun which put an end to the outlaw's career. Their chief killed, the other outlaws fled, but ten were captured, and carried back to Satyamangalam in triumph. Our guides averred that the descendants of these outlaws still lived a nomadic life in these jungles, and pointed out a spot where a robbery took place six months before.

It was about nine o'clock when we reached the "Adivâram" (foot of the ghaut), where the real ascent commences. The path is steep and rough and rocky. The hillsides are



covered with jungle, and here and there with sholas, or copses of large trees. After an ascent of about 1,000 feet, beside the bed of a mountain stream, we found a delightful grotto, which at once called up to one's mind the grottoes of the Odyssey. In the rocky floor of the grotto was a pool of deliciously clear water. Overhead hung the cool rocks, and around were green bowers in profusion. One looked round instinctively for the lovely nymphs which the lively Greek



A BIT OF THE SLOPE, WITH HUTS.

imagination always found in such spots. But I am only a prosaic Englishman, and, though the sprites of the pool did emerge from their watery domain to greet the stranger, to my unfavoured eyes they bore the form, not of fairies, but frogs. Frightened frogs they were too, who plunged into the depths in undignified haste as I calmly proceeded to refresh myself in their cool spring. Then, after a breakfast upon cold fowl (regarded almost as a luxury at home, and almost as a necessary evil out here), we resumed our upward way. Now and again we came to a point whence we could see the plains stretched out like a map, or whence, across intervening valley and ravine, we could look upon other mountain spurs, majestic in the silence and solitude. At an elevation of perhaps between 3,000 feet and 4,000 feet we reached a fairly extensive undulating plateau, surrounded on all sides by the higher peaks. After about an hour's march on this plateau, we reached a forest hut with mud walls and floor and a gaping

roof. Here I left my saman (baggage), and went off to explore the country. A good deal of this plateau is cleared and cultivated, and on several of the slopes villages are visible. Outside the nearest of these was a group of natives, who turned out to be Pariahs of Canarese extraction. They cultivate a little land on their own account, and perform menial offices for the more aristocratic inhabitants of the hamlets around. They knew very little Tamil. Close by was a Kudiyanaver hamlet, surrounded by a wicker-work enclosure. With the Kudiyanavers conversation was easier. They were of a kindly disposition, and, remarking that I was standing in the sun, invited me to sit under a tree in front of their temple, while one of them ran off to fetch some milk. In the temple, a plain-tiled, open-fronted building, were several gaudily-coloured mud idols. I asked who made their gods and kept them in repair. It seemed to strike them as a new idea that a god who could not look after itself could take very little care of them. They readily acknowledged that a god could not see or walk or talk, had no life or power. But the all-sufficient answer to all accusation of folly was ready. It was "mahmoul" (custom) to make and worship gods thus! I told them that God first made man of mud, and that He breathed into his nostrils the breath of life. That seemed a good idea to them. They shook their heads in hearty approval, and listened attentively while I told them of man's sinfulness and need, and of God's holiness and love and mercy in Jesus Christ.

Meanwhile a strange procession approached, preceded by a band of tom-toms and clarionets. The tom-tom has a bad reputation among Europeans; but the native clarionet is really a fearful instrument, capable, in the hands of a skilled performer, of restoring hearing to the deaf and of deafening those who hear. It figures prominently in all religious ceremonies, and in this land there are few ceremonies which are not religious. Its chief use would appear to be to recall distant deities, or to disturb those deities who, like Baal, are of a drowsy disposition; and for these purposes it is well adapted. On the present occasion the "band" announced the offering of a panther, which, just killed and trussed up on bamboos, was borne on the shoulders of four men. The procession circumambulated the temple three times, after which the panther was deposited before the idols. I sent a man to fetch my camera, and took a photograph of the monster. The camera was an object of great curiosity to the villagers. When asked if they would like to look through it, they evinced some little apprehension as to what might happen if they once got their head under that black cloth. It was a dark mystery which, like most other mysteries, produced an unconquerable curiosity. One after another looked and came out with a puzzled expression: "Ondrum teriyathu" ("Nothing is visible"). I moved my fingers a foot or two in front of the lens. Immediately a yell of astonishment burst from under the black cloth, and the camera struggled to maintain its equilibrium. "Dhûram pârtthên, pakkam irukkathu" ("Looked at a distance, but it's close at hand"). He had been looking as if through a window or a telescope, and was startled to find the image on the glass screen within two inches of his nose!

On this part of the plateau, within a radius of half a mile, are six small villages, each inhabited by distinct tribes or castes—Urarli Solagirus, Malayalis, Lumbardis, Kudiyanavers, Gounders, and Pariahs—all combining to form one settlement, known as Karalayam. The most peculiar people are the Lumbardis. Who they are and whence they came originally it is difficult to discover. When they were children, they lived with their parents a little to the north, having only recently migrated to this spot. When I asked where their grandfathers and great-grandfathers lived, they stared at me for a moment, and then laughed heartily at my greenness in questioning them about a state of affairs which existed when they did not.

Their houses are square and low, each containing two rooms. They are built of split bamboos or boughs, woven closely together, the interstices being filled, in some instances, with mud. The roofs are thatched with long grass. The Lumbardis are large cattle-owners, and attached to the village is a large kraal with hurdle-like walls. In front of the huts, most of which are built in a row, are stakes driven well into the ground at intervals, to which long ropes are fastened. At night the cattle are driven from their grazing grounds and secured here. The men have nothing to distinguish them from other Indian races. They have an intelligent look, and a keen eye for business. But the women are strikingly un-Indian, both in dress and demeanour. As a rule an Indian woman's dress consists simply of one long cloth wound round the body, the upper end being left free to throw over the head or shoulders. The Lumbardis woman's dress is much more elaborate, and, if not more graceful, is more picturesque. It consists of a bodice, skirt, and shawl, all of bright colours, really tastefully chosen, and prettily embroidered with coloured threads. As a rule, Indian women, except those taught in schools under European management, cannot sew. These women, however, make their own dresses, and embroider them. Even their workbags are worked in designs of coloured thread, and ornamented with small shells.

Some women have rows of cowries stitched down each side of their skirts, and all are profusely laden, literally from head to foot, with ornaments. From shoulder to wrist their arms are encircled with large rings of ivory, and bracelets of bells, small and round, of white and yellow metal. They wear rings in the nose; rings on their fingers, and rings on their toes; bells on their forehead, bells in their ears, bells round their necks, bells round their arms, bells round their wrists, bells on their bosom, bells round their waist, and bells round their ankles! Surely they must be the descendants

of the immortal old lady of nursery fame, who, "with rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes," is accompanied by music wherever she goes! For the rings and the bells go with the Lumbardi women wherever she goes, even if it is to work in the fields.

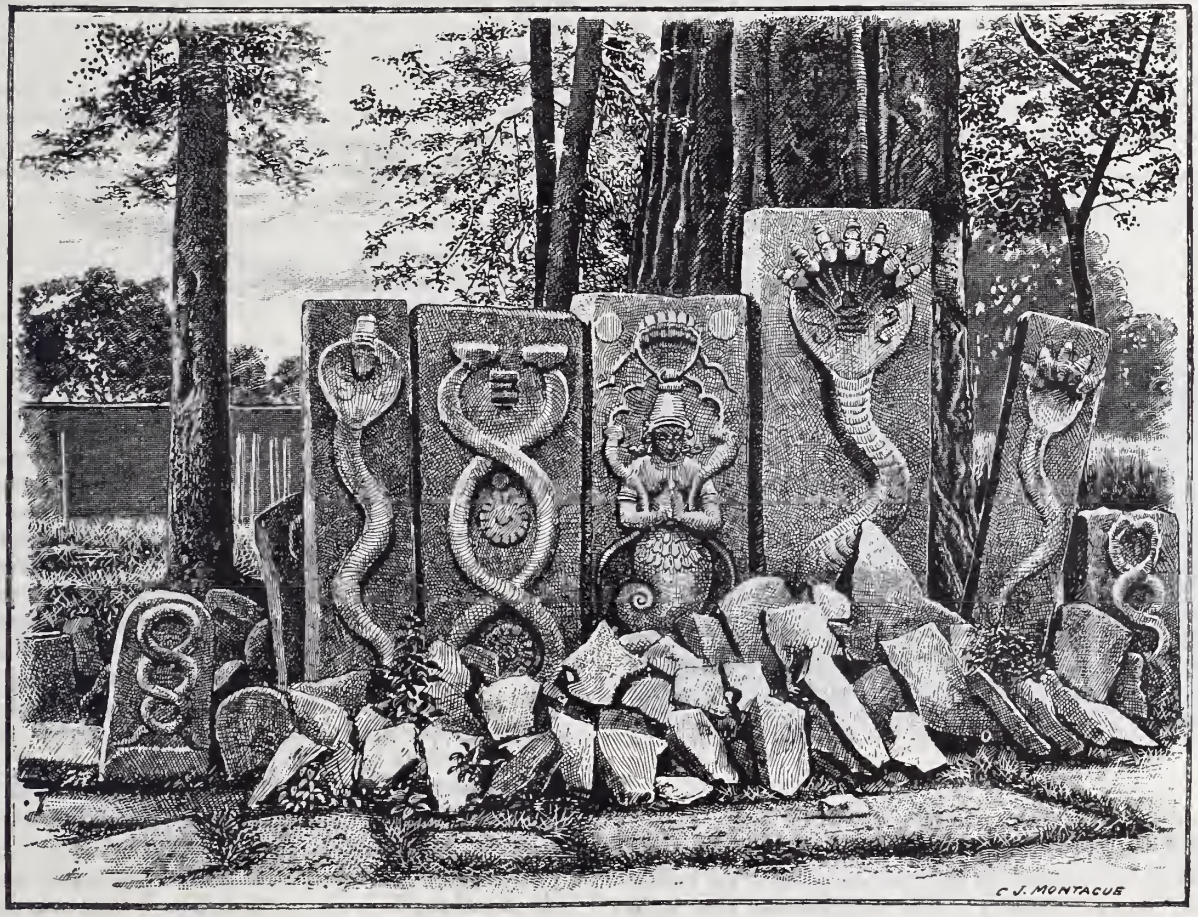
They are fond of singing and dancing. When I first went among them, without giving any notice of their intention, the women suddenly formed a ring round me, and began a low chant in a minor key. Then the ring circled round and round, and as it circled, each woman, while keeping her own place in the ring, spun round, just as the earth spins round on its axis while circling in its orbit round the sun. And all the while they were going through these double motions, each alternately raised her hands and flourished them above her head, and then bent low and touched her feet. And all the while they poured forth their sad wild chant accompanied by the tinkling of a thousand bells. What a pity Edgar Allan Poe never saw these Lumbardis! He might have added another weird stanza to his weird poem on "The Bells."

It was bewildering to eye and ear, but very pleasing. There was nothing awkward in the movements, or harsh in the sounds, all was rhythmical; and the plaintiveness of their dance music was impressive rather than incongruous.

They have another dance which is also pretty. The women form two rows, and alternately advance and recede, raising their hands above their head, and then bowing low, chanting slowly, so that their notes and steps keep time. The men take no part in these amusements.

When the ladies were well tired, and did not appear to have anything else to perform, I persuaded them to stand in a row and have their portraits taken, telling them that in my country they would be very much admired. One girl was terribly frightened. She put her head under her shawl, and nothing would induce her to uncover it. I let them look through the camera. They didn't quite understand it, but were amused to see their comrades standing and walking on their heads.

After due salaam, I turned towards the hut in which my



SYMBOLS OF SERPENT WORSHIP BY THE ROAD SIDE.

goods were deposited. One fellow, the rascality depicted in whose countenance was not lessened by the obliquity of the axes of his visual orbs, came up and said, in a confidential tone, that since they had done so much for my edification, it was only fair that I should do something for them. The ladies would be very glad to receive an inâm (present), and the gentlemen would all come up to my hut and drink brârndi at my expense. I couldn't make out what they meant at first, thinking they had mixed up Lumbardi with their Tamil; but it soon dawned upon me that the word was not Lumbardi but English, and that it was *brandy* they wanted. I told them brandy drinking was a great sin, and that I was sorry to find they were such rascals. The man looked confused, and the whole group cried: "Tappitham, tappitham. Tappithamay pêçinân" ("A mistake, a mistake. He made a mistake.") The water on these hills is very bad

LUMBARDI WOMEN.

—produces fever—and someone told them if they mixed brandy with it it would do them no harm. But I'm afraid they don't always put the brandy in the water, or water in the brandy.

The Lumbardis speak Tamil and Canarese fluently, but have a language of their own quite different from either. Some of the men knew something of Christianity, having met with Christians in the low country. They only pray once a year, when they make a pilgrimage to a distant peak where their people have a temple. Here they worship Isvaran, and ask him to have favour on them and their flocks and herds. They declared they had no idols, but, on our return, at the foot of the Ghaut we saw some rusty spears stuck in the ground under a tree, which our guides said were worshipped by the Lumbardis every time they ascended or descended the hills.

I sat down in front of the hut and watched the herds wending their way homewards from their mountain pastures. High above towered the rocky crown of the lofty Kumbatarayan, and through the copsewood and down the grassy slopes, which reach almost to his summit, wound the cattle, like a long white chain the furthest links of which were mere white specks on the hill-side. For more than an hour they streamed past, one or two abreast, for the narrow tracks will not allow of more. I never before saw such a collection of fine well-grown oxen; for the people on these hills never sell their cows or their milk; the latter they give up to the calves, which, thus splendidly nourished by their mothers and by the plentiful pasturage, fetch a high price on the plains. One Gounder is said to own a thousand head of cattle, and the Lumbardi are said to own, on an average, a hundred apiece.

The hoary head of old Kumbatarayan grew obscure in the darkening sky, and the air grew chill; so we gathered some dry wood, lit a fire, and began to think of supper. Narayanan roasted some potatoes under the hot embers, while I roasted half a fowl on a wooden spit. A pint of tea in a tin pot completed the repast. The Lumbardis had evidently finished their meal, and were sitting before their huts chanting one of their wild melodies. The music of their evensong floated softly over the valley, our camp fire blazed and crackled merrily, defying the darkness, and the sambur barked shortly and gutturally in the forest behind us.

Rolling myself in a rug, I lay down on the mud floor, and watched the lightning through the gaping roof, and listened to the melancholy howl of the rising wind. Then unconsciousness; then consciousness of a tickling sensation all over my body. It was only black ants, which, fortunately, didn't bite. Shaking them off, and wrapping the rug more tightly round my body, I soon fell asleep again. Suddenly the door burst violently open. I fastened it as well as I could in the darkness with some bamboos, but had no sooner laid down than it burst open again. This was repeated a third time. The wind had sunk, it was pitch dark. Striking a match, I looked at my watch. It was precisely twelve o'clock. Had I been in a comfortable old English country house, I should have suspected a ghost, and felt creepy, but as it was extremely improbable that beings so fastidious would take up their abode in so unsubstantial and uncomfortable a tenement as this, I slept once more without misgiving until long after dawn. Next day we returned to our tents on the plain.

One effect which a town in these outlying districts, so difficult of access, has, is to impress upon one's mind the fact that the evangelisation of India is a vast undertaking, needing the expenditure of far more time and money than we used to realise when we sat in a comfortable pew in a well-lighted chapel, and sang, "O'er the gloomy hills of darkness," or other inspiring missionary hymns. I suppose there is now no large town in India where the Gospel is not preached, but there are hundreds and thousands of villages

out of the beaten tracks of missionary itineration where the name of Jesus Christ is not yet known. What can be done in a stray visit once in a year, perhaps once in ten years? Even if we had the means, it would be well-nigh, if not quite, impossible to get native Christian teachers to go and live in these out-of-the-way spots; for what an isolated lot theirs would be! We want an English missionary in every talug, and a Christian teacher in every village; even then the odds would be tremendously against us if He who is for us were not infinitely stronger than all who are against us. "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" is the cry continually sounding in the ears of the Christian Churches. Will not the young men throw off all hesitation and reply: "Here am I, send me"? and will not those who have good reasons for not giving themselves, give what they can to send others, that one and all may have their share of rejoicing at the ingathering of the sheaves?

E. Hawker.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE BOARD.

Board Meeting, February 27th, 1894.—Number of Directors present, 74.

The Foreign Secretary introduced Dr. Thomson, who had just returned from Hong Kong, and spoke in high terms of appreciation of the development of the Medical Mission in Hong Kong under Dr. Thomson's able superintendence.

Upon the recommendation of the Centenary Committee, it was decided that the Centenary year should be the Society's financial year, from April 1st, 1895, to March 31st, 1896; that the Forward Movement policy should be adopted as the Centenary policy of the Society; that an effort be made to raise a Special Centenary Fund of at least £100,000; that a medal be struck; that representative missionaries be invited home, including Dr. Griffith John; and that special demonstrations be held in some large provincial towns in the autumn of 1894 and spring of 1895, &c.

The proposed marriage of the Rev. H. M. Dauncey, of New Guinea, with Miss Hinton, of Walsall, was approved.

The Rev. F. W. Walker was transferred from Kwato to the Gulf Mission, New Guinea, and the Rev. J. H. Holmes from the Western District to Port Moresby, while Mr. T. W. Ingram, of Cheshunt College, was appointed to Kwato.

The resignations of Miss Ellis and the Rev. W. A. Elliott, of South Africa, were accepted.

On learning from Mr. Liddiard that, in consequence of the new clerical arrangements that had become necessary for the carrying on of the work of the Watchers' Band, Mrs. Liddiard was withdrawing from the secretariat, the Board expressed its sense of indebtedness to Mrs. Liddiard for her self-denying services in connection with the Band.

Board Meeting, March 13th, 1894.—A. J. Shepheard, Esq., in the Chair. Number of Directors present. 61.

Offers of service were accepted from Mr. A. Bevan Wookey, B.A. (son of the Rev. A. J. Wookey, of South Africa), Mr. R. Wolfendale, of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, and Miss E. A. German, of Huddersfield (subject to her passing the usual examination). Mr. Morris, of Cheshunt College, was appointed to the China Mission, to labour for a time at Hong Kong.

"THEY ARE COMING."

Isaiah xlix. 12.

"THEY are coming! They are coming!"—
Thus the sure prophetic word,
Spoken in far-distant ages
By the servant of the Lord;—
And though long the joy has tarried,
Though God's Church has waited long,
Surely now the time is nearing,
For the earth is gathering song.

From the South God's sons are coming;
From hot Afric's lakes and plains,
Where so long the darkness hid them,
Pierced with sorrows, bound in chains;
From the banks of Nile and Congo,
From fair Madagascar's shore,
Come the shouts of hosts proclaiming:
Christ is King for evermore!

They are coming from the ice-fields
Of the lands around the Pole;
From Siberia's frost-bound rivers,
From where Arctic billows roll,
Lapp and Greenlander have listened
To the words of heavenly grace,
And with eager steps are hasting
To the Church's trysting place.

They are coming from the islands
Strewn like gems on ocean's breast;
Coming, too, from Western prairies,
Where the sun lies down to rest;
Nations rising into greatness,
Nations old in years and fame,
Join to swell the world-wide anthem
To the great Messiah's name.

They are coming, they are coming,
From the Eastern door of day;
Peoples shrined in ancient story,
Races splendid in decay.
In the crowded Hindu cities,
On the teeming Chinese plains,
Myriads bend in grateful worship,
Welcoming Emmanuel's reign.

All the tribes of earth are coming,—
See the precious gifts they bring!—
For the joy-day of the ages,
For the crowning of the King.
Boundless store of gold and silver,
Gifts of wisdom, strength, and grace,
Priceless wealth of love and service,—
All at Jesu's feet to place.

They are coming! Oh, believe it!
Hear ye not the angels' song?
Though the promise tarry, surely
Now it will not tarry long:—
Breath of life divine is passing
O'er Ezekiel's mystic vale,
Zion's courts with joy are ringing,
For God's promise cannot fail.

Jonathan Lees.

Notice to the Chronicle's "*Own Correspondents.*"—*Intelligence should be posted so as to reach the Editor by the 10th of the month preceding the new issue.*

INDIA.

SCHOOL PRIZE DISTRIBUTION AT JIAGUNJ.

Near Jiagunj, and quite close to the site chosen for our lady missionary's new house, are the house and grounds of our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Yule. And on the afternoon of Tuesday, January 24th, there was quite an unusual holiday air about the sheds usually devoted to the packing and sorting of jute. Over one of them bravely floated the Union Jack, while a nearer view revealed quite a little fairyland inside the shed, evergreens festooned amongst bright tropical flowers, with pretty ferns and crotons tastefully interspersed all around. Perhaps those groups of dark-skinned children about the grounds, watched over by their *ghees*, will give us a clue to the meaning of all this festive decoration. They are the children from our mission, day, and Sunday schools at Jiagunj and Beliapookur, and are come together to-day to receive their annual prizes for good attendance, good conduct, improvement in their studies, &c. About four o'clock, with some little difficulty we managed to get them all seated within, together with a number of Bengali friends, as well as Mr. Brockway, Miss Robinson, Miss Nicholas, and Miss Cockerton, who had come all the way from Berhampur to be present with us. A goodly array of prizes at one end no doubt formed the chief attraction to the youngsters, conspicuous amongst them being a silver bangle, together with two brazen salvers given by Mrs. Yule, and a most unexpected but very welcome gift of two silver hairpins from a goldsmith resident at Jiagunj, welcome even if only to tell us of the feeling of good fellowship which prompted the gift. We had also a large number of dolls sent out to Mr. Joyce by some kind friends in England. All the children were made perfectly happy with something or other, the *ghees* and the teachers, too, not being forgotten The head teacher, though not a Christian, requested that he might have a Revised Bible, which was accordingly given him. Some of the girls were really richly dressed, and one little *ranee* (queen) represented no small sum of money, if one might judge by the massive gold ornaments on head, arms, and ankles. One energetic little soul contributed a bit of impromptu fun. Evidently greatly oppressed with the dread of being forgotten, she struggled her way to the front, losing, I am sorry to say, something of her civilised appearance in the struggle, and, like a young African savage, demanded: "Let me have a doll." The general opinion was, I think, that our gathering was a success, due considerably to the exceeding thoughtful kindness shown by Mr. and Mrs. Yule; and we hope that the words of the Gospel of Jesus delivered to the assembled people were not altogether as seed sown in stony ground.

MADAGASCAR.

MIDSUMMER LECTURES.

Our Midsummer Lectures have been a great success. We began them on Monday, January 22nd, and finished on the Friday. As many as 130 had their names entered on the register—a great increase on last year. I followed out the same order as before, commencing each day with prayer and praise. The eight lectures given by Mr. Baron on the "Training of Children," were enjoyed immensely. Fortunately, they are in print, and are bound to be largely bought up by the people here. The women were also allowed to attend Mr. Baron's lectures. I followed him on the "Kingdom of God." The third lecture roused up a hot discussion on the question of persecution and Church self-control. I had spoken on the persecutions of the first three centuries and the influence of Constantine on the Church. Mr. Baron followed up with some strong arguments against, and denunciations of, State interference in Church government. Recent events gave great force to all that was said, and the pastors, to all appearances, seemed to thoroughly understand the terrible danger the spiritual life of the Church would stand in if controlled by a secular power from without, which might or might not have sympathy with the *raison d'être* of its existence. On Thursday afternoon we held our first ordination of pastors. I asked the questions and offered prayer, and Mr. Baron gave an address to them. Of course, this is only a beginning. I am anxious to see how the examination will act. On Friday morning we held a large meeting, after Mr. Baron's lecture, for the formal opening of the Girls' House. Miss Craven was here, and gave a capital address on the purpose of establishing a Girls' Higher School here. Miss Coombs read a chapter in

Matthew, and Mr. Baron closed the meeting with a short, sparkling speech, all full of home thrusts. We then took the people in batches over the house, and gave them a feast of pork and rice. On the following Saturday morning, Miss Coombs and my wife were besieged by the girls and their parents, who had come from all parts of the district. Miss Coombs is only able to take in twenty at present, although she is full of hope that after a year she may be able to increase that number considerably. I have great hopes that these yearly meetings will result in some lasting good. Even the rubbing-up against his fellow-pastors must act for good on the dullest mind ; and the series of connected lectures must be refreshing and strengthening to those able to think. As practical evidence, I may add I sold books of one kind or another to the extent of thirty during the week of five days. W. Huckett, Voinzongo.

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

We set apart the first week in the year for special services in connection with our churches in Fianarantsoa, and on Monday, January 1st, held a large meeting of all our church members in the Antanobriky Chapel. The readings and prayers were earnest and devout, and the discussion has borne practical fruit. We brought before them the question of self-support on a larger scale than at present, especially in view of the Society's needs. After a warm debate, the matter was taken up unanimously, and a contribution list there and then started. The money promised and paid in up to the present has reached the large sum of 627 dollars, and the natives think it will exceed 700 dollars when all who are able to help have done so. This is promised as an annual collection, but I fear (from my knowledge of the Malagasy, and the fact that this is a military station where changes are constantly taking place) to lay too much stress upon that. But I am simply astonished at this exhibition of liberality and desire to help themselves, and trust it may be taken up by other centres in like manner. At one of the meetings a plate was held at the door for the Orphanage, and realised over eleven dollars, which, considering what had preceded, was a large sum. The Spirit of God has been working in the minds of the people, and taught them the privilege and blessing of giving up something for Him who has done so much for them. It is not yet positively decided how the money will be applied, but probably several districts now supported by the L.M.S. will be taken over by them. We think this, too, would be more likely to secure the contributions in years to come than if the money were simply given over to help the L.M.S. funds. Apart from this, the natives seem deeply moved, and are voluntarily taking up Christian work. Only last Sunday two went out to a destitute district, and, on their return yesterday, bore testimony to the cheering fact that twenty-one people had applied for baptism at the close of their services. These things and others like them lead us to thank God and take courage. A. S. Huckett.

PREPARING FOR THE CENTENARY.

At the meetings of Imerina District Committee, just held, a sub-committee was appointed to consider and report as to how we can best celebrate among our churches here the Centenary of the Society to which they owe so much. We shall do our best to stir up among the native Christians enthusiasm for missions. Several candidates have presented themselves before the Committee of the Native Missionary Society here, offering to work in distant parts of the island ; and we fully hope to carry out our plan of sending out ten new men. W. E. C.

2,000 TEMPERANCE PLEDGES IN SIX DAYS.

At a crowded and enthusiastic temperance meeting, held in the large hall of the College on January 22nd, the Chairman, Pastor Andrianaivoravelona, stated that in a recent tour through his district he had, as the result of special appeals made after large united meetings, obtained no less than two thousand temperance pledges. On all hands there seems to be growing up an earnest band of Christians determined to do their utmost to struggle against the demon of drunkenness.

CENTRAL AFRICA.

BOYS' SCHOOL, URAMBO.

Mr. W. Draper reports that the Urambo Boys' School has, "on the whole, done well. The average attendance has been thirty-three out of thirty-five on the book roll. Some of them can spell any four-lettered word, and can read any number under one thousand ; whilst all know the alphabet and can read numbers under one hundred. Fifteen boys write on slates, but are now ready for copy-books ; beside which, they can repeat nearly all the hymns. Still, with all the teaching and care bestowed, we do not see in one of them at present any desire to live a better life, and it is the same with the people who attend our services. However, it is for us, by our lives and words to live and work on, doing God's will and leaving the result with Him, who has promised to own efforts made in His name. But, oh, may the time soon come when here as elsewhere there shall be seen some living to the glory of God and Jesus Christ our Saviour ! Our monthly Communion I greatly enjoy, although there are only three of us. These we have had regularly, except on one or two occasions when ill-health has prevented them."

It is too late to speak of efforts as futile or fanatic which have literally girdled the globe with a chain of missionary stations, and those who now speak scornfully of missions are simply men behind their age.—*The Quarterly Review.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF REV. DAVID SYLUM, NEW PASTOR OF PAREYCHALEY PASTORATE.

I WAS born of Christian parents at the head station of Pareychaley in the year 1849. My grandfather, the first convert and catechist in these parts, was a man of an influential family in our tribe, and had several men under his command. His ancestors had, according to the fashion of the time, been endowed from our native Government with the right and privilege of Nadan, which was held in high esteem. In those days when ignorance and superstition held its sway he was born, and well educated, and had much practice in medicine, astrology, and enchantment. While pursuing his studies, a piece of poetry had attracted his attention, which told that at a certain time a peculiar kind of people would come with a new religion, and the country will under them enjoy a time of peace and prosperity. Then, perceiving that such time had arrived, he got firm words from the head men under him to embrace Christianity, went to Neyoor, and requested the Rev. Messrs. C. Mead and J. Abbs to come over to Pareychaley, and promised to give lands to erect the bungalow, &c.

Had it not been for a special favour from God, the family would have become extinct as a just punishment for the evil practices committed in the family. I am told that I had been given to the family as a special gift. The agents that met together for report and other meetings at the head station used to take their board in our house, and my grandfather, in his conversation with them, had often expressed his earnest wish in the following words: "Will not my family be blessed with an able servant of God like you?" lifting his eyes to heaven, directing his heart in prayer.

While I was a little child I was sent to the local village school, and after finishing my study there, I was kindly admitted, in 1859, in the boarding school at Pareychaley by the Rev. S. Mateer, then the missionary of the district. In 1861 I was sent up for a better training to the Mission Seminary at Nagercoil, where I received kind treatment and proper education under the Rev. J. Duthie, and, after a course of seven years' study there, I was appointed as

Mr. Hewett. Dr. Fells. Mr. J. E. Dennison. Rev. G. H. Macfarlane, (of Cuddapah). Mrs. Fells. Rev. I. H. Hacker. Rev. J. Knowles.

Mrs. Osborne. Miss Derry. Rev. W. D. Osborne. Miss MacDonnell. Mrs. Baylis Thomson. Mr. Chatterton. Mrs. Hacker.

GROUP OF TRAVANCORE MISSIONARIES.

teacher to the lower classes in the same institution. I did my best to the satisfaction of my superiors, and was sent out to our district to do the mission work. Here I was kindly employed by the Rev. G. O. Newport as a teacher in the Anglo-Vernacular School at Irenepuram. A few years after, I was trained as a catechist, and was sent up to the head station at Pareychaley. When special efforts had been made by our esteemed district committee to labour among the coolies in the coffee estates, I was sent by the district missionary, the Rev. J. Emlyn, as a catechist in the Cooly Mission. Afterwards there was a special awakening among the Roman Catholic people at the seashore, and I was appointed to work among them. About four years ago the district committee had taken notice of my service, made me an evangelist, and some of the biggest congregations were entrusted to my care. Of late our esteemed missionary, the Rev. J. Knowles, had arranged the congregations into thirteen centres, and I was entrusted with a centre consisting of seven congregations. It had been designed that four of the centres should be made pastorates, and our missionary recommended to the district committee in their annual meeting in August last, and as an appreciation of my work, they had been pleased to ordain me as a pastor at Pareychaley, and I and four of my colleagues have been ordained as pastors at Kristucovil on Tuesday, the 12th December, 1893.

The meeting was a very grand one. Almost all the European missionaries, with a few ladies of our Society in South Travancore, and several of the native ministers in our Tamil and Malayalam districts, and all the agents of the district and the deacons and leading members of the four pastorates, as well as a large concourse of people from all parts of our district, were present on the occasion. The ordination service took place at about eleven a.m., and continued for about three hours. The ordination was attended with special prayers and praises and the laying of hands on the heads of the above said candidates. At the close of the meeting an ordinary feast was also served by our kind missionary, the Rev. J. Knowles, as a token of his love and joy on the occasion. The people also have expressed their great joy in various ways.

My pastorate consists of six congregations—namely, Pareychaley, Kaliackavilei, Mangadu, Pitchicodu, Eimpuliconam, and Sureickuli. I am assisted in this glorious work by three catechists, ten schoolmasters, and one schoolmistress. There are 1,390 adherents, of whom 712 are baptized and 154 are church members ; 435 children are under instruction in the village schools. The length and breadth of this pastorate is almost of equal distance. It is about five miles in length and the same in breadth, so that it contains an area of twenty-five square miles, with a population of about 12,000. It has within its precincts a Brahmin village with a considerable large pagoda, and also a large market held twice in the week. Our Christians are converts from eight different castes or tribes. They are generally very kind and obedient. Some of the young men help me in collecting money, conducting prayer-meetings, paying visits to the heathen, and teaching the new members, &c. A few of the women are also used to pay visits to the sick both in the hospital and in the houses, and teach some of the heathen girls in the neighbouring village. The heathen, the majority of whom are demon-worshippers, earnestly request us to open schools among them to educate their children. They say : " That as we are used to worship demons from the time of our ancestors, we fear we would incur their displeasure and hatred if we embrace your religion at once. We know the devils are afraid of your Bible, and when our children could read it and offer prayers in our houses they will take their flight and we will have no fear about them." There is spiritual awakening also among the heads of the heathen around us in the home congregation, and a few have already joined us, and the rest promise to follow them very soon. The children, also, are well attended to. Special prayer-meetings are held for them in the afternoon of both Sunday and Saturday.

I earnestly request the fervent prayers of all, that the Lord may strengthen me and grant me greater success in winning souls for Him.

FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE WATCHERS' BAND.

"THE knowledge that so many at home are praying for us sustains and strengthens us in our conflict with sin and Satan," writes one of our esteemed missionaries with reference to the Watchers' Band. Few at home can understand how much cheer and encouragement our devoted workers at the front find in the assurance that they are thus periodically remembered before the Mercy-seat. May many more of those who bear the name of Christ become "Watchers," and so learn for themselves something of the exceeding blessedness of this silent ministry of intercession.

o o o

OUR members will rejoice to know of the progress of our movement in Australasia. General secretaries, each one in charge of a province, have been appointed for New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, and Tasmania ; also for Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin. About 600 "Watchers" have already been enrolled, and it is hoped that this Forward Movement will lead to a large and speedy increase in our membership in the different Colonies.

o o o

I HAVE also the pleasure to report that the Rev. Arthur Bonsey, whose labours in China have been so fruitful, and who has during his recent furlough endeared himself to so many in our home churches, is now acting as general secretary for that great empire to which he has returned. The Rev. R. J. Ward, late of St. Helen's, who, in response

to the Master's call, left his church and friends at home to undertake important service in the great city of Madras, is now acting as general secretary for South India; and Mr. Farquhar, who is doing such excellent work in connection with the Bhowanipur Institution, has taken the general secretaryship for North India. We are assured that the efforts of these devoted brethren will be productive of good results in the extension and establishment of this movement in their respective mission-fields, and that many more of the native Christians will thus be linked with their brethren throughout the world in this blessed bond of union.

* * *

THE rapid and continuous growth of the Watchers' Band has rendered it necessary to make other arrangements for carrying on the secretarial work, and to obtain clerical help; and, although Mrs. Liddiard, to whom the movement owes more than can be expressed, has now retired, her interest is in no wise diminished, and she will continue to avail herself of every opportunity of advancing this good cause.

JAMES E. LIDDIARD.

NEW BRANCHES.

COUNTRY.

Branch.	*Secretary.*
Bingley	Mr. Harold Martin.
Birmingham (Saltley)	Mr. H. C. Teall.
Bury (Blackford Bridge)	Miss E. Nicholls.
Erith	Mrs. Holdstock.
Great Marlow	Miss A. Benning.
Ipswich (St. Clement's)	Mrs. D. Ford Goddard (*pro tem.*).
Manchester (Rusholme Road) ...	Mrs. Bell.
„ (Livenshulme)	Mrs. Harrison.
Newport (Mon.)	Mrs. Graham.
Northampton (Doddridge)	Mrs. Robinson
Rendham	Miss Collett.
Scarborough (South Cliff)	Miss E. A. Carlisle.
Warwick (Brook Street)	Mrs. Claxton.
Wellingborough	Mrs. Blott.
Whitehaven	Mr. T. P. Bragg.
SCOTLAND.	
Dundee (Panmure Street)	Miss L. Deas.
Greenock (George Square)	Miss A. Toplis.

THE STORY OF JAMES GILMOUR AND THE MONGOL MISSION. By Mrs. Bryson, of Tientsin. London: Sunday School Union, 57 and 59, Ludgate Hill, E.C. *Splendid Lives Series.* Price 1s.

THE "Gilmour" literature is multiplying fast. "Among the Mongols" came first, then Mr. Lovett's admirable biography, "James Gilmour," next "More about the Mongols," and then "James Gilmour and his Boys." But there was room for this latest addition from the pen of Mrs. Bryson. In a brief, compact, and interesting narrative, she gives her readers the pith of what these works relate at greater length; at the same time, by many personal touches and the introduction of details not yet published, she fully justifies her right to issue it. Even to one familiar with the books mentioned above, the "Story" is attractive from end to end, while to those who may be too busy to read the larger works, and to young people, who might find them too long or too expensive, this heart-stirring record of one of the most Christ-like missionaries of modern times should be commended by all friends of missions. It should be circulated far and wide.

OUR MISSIONS, the Magazine of Friends' Foreign Mission Associations. London: West, Newman, & Co., 54, Hatton Garden. Price One Penny.

AN indication of the satisfactory progress which the foreign mission work of Friends is making, which we cordially note and welcome.

A RETROSPECT. By J. Hudson Taylor, M.R.C.S., F.R.G.S. London: Morgan & Scott, 12, Paternoster Buildings, E.C. Price 1s.; gilt edges, 2s.

THIS review of the way by which God led the author to found the China Inland Mission has already been noticed in the pages of the CHRONICLE. The "Retrospect" appeared first in *China's Millions*, and subsequently in the first volume* of Miss Guinness's "Story of the China Inland Mission," the publication of which furnished us with an opportunity of referring to it. It is a wonderful narrative, and we are not surprised to find that, in deference to repeated requests from friends, Mr. Taylor, before once more sailing for China, saw fit to issue it in a separate form. The power of prayer and the power of faith are here strikingly manifest.

HALF-HOURS WITH THE HINDUS. Cloth, 1s.; cloth gilt, 1s. 6d. —SCENES AND STORIES FROM THE LAND OF IDOLS. Cloth, 1s.; cloth gilt, 1s. 6d.—PICTURES OF LIFE IN INDIA. Cloth, 1s.; cloth gilt, 1s. 6d. By Rev. J. J. Pool, late of Calcutta, author of "Woman's Influence in the East," "Studies in Mohammedanism," &c., &c. London: Ward, Lock, & Bowden, Limited.

THESE bright little volumes, profusely illustrated, contain a number of "talks" with young people about India and the Hindus, and have been written with the design of helping on the Forward Movement of our own and other missionary societies. They cover a great variety of subjects—stories of conjurors and their tricks, of the Black Hole of Calcutta, of idols, legends, sacred monkeys, snakes and snake worship, Hindu and Mohammedan holy men, sacred animals, trees and plants, &c.—all told in simple, clear, and attractive style. They are just the thing for Sunday-school libraries.

THE LAND OF IDOLS (price 3s. 6d.) contains in a single volume the three smaller books mentioned above. "Jolly interesting" was the forcible, if not elegantly expressed, judgment upon this book pronounced by a schoolboy, who, taking it up casually, was soon half-way through it, and, in giving utterance to the above sentiment, probably voiced what hundreds of boys would say if they had a like opportunity of reading it. May they have it! is our cordial wish.

* The second volume is now to hand, and will be noticed in our next issue.—ED.

ONE OF THE PRETTIEST LITTLE CHAPELS IN CENTRAL CHINA.

Hiau Kan, near Hankow, Central China,
December 4th, 1893.

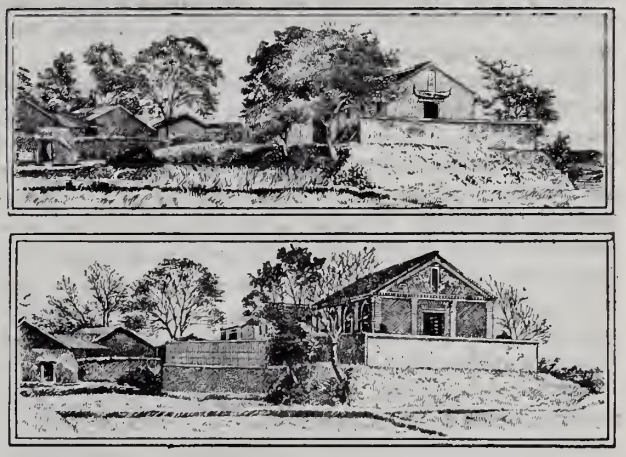
DEAR MR. COUSINS,—It is several months since I sent you any news of this branch of the "Forward Movement," and I think a short account of the opening of a new chapel at one of our village stations here may be of interest to the readers of the CHRONICLE.

The name of the Wei Kia Wan village will be familiar to readers of the life of Dr. Mackenzie, as it was this village Dr. John and himself were endeavouring to reach seventeen years ago, when they were so roughly treated and driven back by main force by the natives of the neighbouring villages.

At that time there were some half-dozen Christians belonging to the village who had invited Dr. John to visit them and preach the Gospel to their friends. Most of them are alive to-day, and rejoice in seeing their children growing up in the fear of the Lord ; while the leader among them, a veteran of sixty-seven, who, before his conversion was an inveterate gambler, is still the native evangelist of the place, and a man of remarkable fire and energy, who loves nothing so much as to be preaching Christ to all whom he can get to listen to him. "Preaching," he says, "is the one thing that *never* tires me."

Not long after Dr. John's failure to get to Wei Kia Wan, he, with Dr. Mackenzie, backed by the British Consul at Hankow, and assisted by the mandarin of this city, once more appeared on the scene, and this time preached for hours to the heathen on the very spot upon which, in process of time, a chapel was built and dedicated to the worship of God. The ground was given by Nu Wei, the abovementioned preacher, and the cost of the building defrayed by the native Christians themselves and the missionaries. From the first God has owned and blessed the work in that village, whole families were gathered into the church, and to-day the members (including children) number considerably over one hundred, while several other villages have one or more of their people in the church, as the result of the light that has shone forth from Wei Kia Wan. The old chapel gradually became too small for its congregations, and, moreover, was threatening to collapse ; and when I came here last year, I saw that one of the first works to be undertaken was the building of a new and more commodious chapel on the old spot. Dr. John and myself talked it over last autumn, and, as the result of our deliberations, I wrote to my fellow-members and supporters at Highbury Chapel, Bristol, to ask them to help us. This they did most promptly and generously, sending £172 within a very few weeks, and a fortnight ago I had the joy of seeing the finishing touches put to what I flatter myself is one of the prettiest little chapels in Central China. I send you a photograph of the old chapel and one of the new one, taken from the same spot, by which you will see that there is a considerable difference between the two. The rooms at the back consist of a couple of rooms for Mr. Wei, a small hall or schoolroom where the members gather for prayer, &c., a caretaker's room, and three rooms for the use of the missionaries, one of which is used as a kind of vestry or inquiry room.

Of course no chapel in this centre can be given a proper start unless our veteran leader, Dr. Griffith John, is present to open it, so on Thursday night, November 23rd, our eyes were gladdened and hearts cheered by the arrival here of himself and Dr. Lavington Hart, who thus paid our little Hiau Kan colony his first visit. After visiting another of our country stations on Friday, eight miles away, we (Dr. John, Dr. Hart, and myself) started off on Saturday for Wei Kia Wan, leaving our home in charge of Mrs. Terrell and Dr Walton, the latter of whom walked over next day for the morning service. The village is seven miles away, but Dr.



THE WEI KIA WAN CHAPEL, PAST AND PRESENT.

John managed to walk quite easily, a proof of his complete recovery from his severe illness of last July. In the evening we had a well-attended and very enthusiastic meeting of members and friends for prayer and praise and testimony, in which several of the native brethren took part, and at which the "foreigners" all gave short addresses. The warmth and deep earnestness of the words uttered in praise or prayer by our fellow-believers were very stimulating, and we could not help feeling that God was drawing very near to us in that Saturday evening hour.

Sunday broke gloriously fine, and very bright and pretty the chapel looked in the brilliant sunshine, with its background of cloudless blue sky, and the four gilt characters over the door, "Fuh yin hwei t'ang" (Gospel Hall), proclaiming to all comers the purpose for which it was built. But it was the sight inside that did our eyes and hearts most good, and which I wish some of our good friends at home could see, as we gathered for the mornin service.

From earliest dawn the friends began to come, until there was no room for any more, and some sixty or seventy had to wait outside until the worshippers began to disperse about 2.30 p.m. Some ten or a dozen villages were represented by one or more Christians, all within a radius of eight or nine miles from the city, though there were not lacking brethren from fifteen, sixteen, and even twenty miles away. Candidates for baptism came to see us before the service, and showed how thoroughly they had taken hold of the main truths of the Gospel.

When at length Dr. John opened the service, there were not less than 230 or 240 seated in the chapel. Of course the majority were heathen, but the fact that eighty adult Christians took part in the Communion service is a proof that the Gospel *is* winning its way, if still slowly, in this vast district. Five adults and eight children were baptized; and so manifest was the power of the Holy Spirit in our midst that we cannot but believe that some of those not in the church, who listened with rapt attention for more than an hour to the earnest, eloquent words of Dr. John, will, ere long, be numbered amongst us.

When the service was ended, the crowd outside soon filled the empty places of those who went away, and from that time until seven o'clock in the evening the preaching of the Gospel went on, one after another of our native evangelists and brethren telling forth to an ever-interested audience the Old, Old Story. Then, at seven p.m., the chapel once more filled right up for our closing service, and again Dr. John spoke both to Christians and non-members on the words of Christ: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life," and it was with very full hearts that we sang together the Doxology at the close of the memorable day.

The members of the church at Wei Kia Wan, who had contributed well to the expenses of the building, besides giving personal labour, were most generous in their entertainment of ourselves and of all the visitors, and they had their reward. Perhaps what cheered us most was to hear the words of the deacons and the leading members of the church, as they gathered in our own sitting-room a little before midnight, telling us of their resolve to be more earnest and more faithful in the future than in the past, and to work more sincerely for the spread of the Gospel and the increase of the Church of Christ. Pray for us and for them that God will help us *all* to carry out this resolve in our daily lives.

I must not stay to tell you of the general work here. We are plodding away, and God is giving us "droppings," which, we trust, are the beginnings of the "showers" we long for. It was a great joy to me yesterday to baptize, here in the city, two old women, aged seventy-five and seventy-eight respectively, both evidently sincerely trusting in Christ as their only Saviour. Others are seeking to know more of the truth, and some are candidates for admission, but as yet we feel the great *mass* is untouched. We ask your sympathy and your earnest prayers, that we may be enabled, by God's grace, to overcome all the difficulties of the language, and to be fitted in all ways for the work He has called us to do.

I hope this letter is not too long. I have endeavoured to get my news into as small a space as possible, but have had to omit much I should like to add.—Hoping you may find room for what I have written, believe me, yours sincerely,

Wm. G. Terrell.

DEPUTATION WORK IN AUSTRALASIA.

For four years in succession the systematic visitation of the Colonies in the interests of the Society has been maintained, and with the best results. Each year our churches have given a hearty welcome to those who have visited them, and have highly appreciated the privilege of listening to the stories of those who have come fresh from the field. Central Africa, Southern India, New Guinea, and Madagascar are all more real through the graphic pictures presented by Captain Hore, the Rev. Maurice Phillips, the Rev. W. G. Lawes, and Mr. T. Lord. The last-named, who has just completed the round of our colonial churches, has well maintained the interest by his vigorous recital of the story of Malagasy faith and heroism. It was a new story, especially to the rising race in these lands, and with its sequel of tens of thousands of church members gathered into the Madagascar churches of to-day, it has given to many strong encouragement and new hope. The deputation work referred to above was completed by a series of services and meetings, covering all the large and some of the smaller centres of population in New Zealand. There are in New Zealand many warm hearts ever willing in a practical way to wish God-speed to a missionary messenger of the Cross. One of the most cheering aspects of the visitation of this Colony is found in the fact that our Presbyterian brethren maintain the old alliance with the L.M.S., and that, as in many places in Scotland, Presbyterian pulpits are thrown open to us. Collections were made on behalf of the Society in many of the leading churches of Otago, while the Auxiliary Committee there has upon it several members of Presbyterian churches. One of the results of the New Zealand visit was the appointment of four Ladies' Committees in the four principal centres—Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin. Each Australasian Auxiliary has now in co-operation with it, as a part, indeed, of its own organisation, a committee of ladies By quarterly meetings for prayer, by correspondence with the mission-field, by helping to extend the Watchers' Band, by the filling up of spare moments with dexterous work for mission-boxes, and by the systematic gathering in of funds, these committees are already doing a splendid work. We pray that the newly-formed committees in New Zealand may add new strength to the mission life of the churches in that Colony, and that the sisterhood of missionary workers throughout Australasia may together send forth and support many earnest missionaries.—*From our Australasian Edition.*

A GROUP OF FAMOUS MISSIONARIES.

By Rev. Edward Storrow, Brighton.

IN 1816, the London Missionary Society sent out twenty-four missionaries, and among them were William Ellis, Richard Knill, William Henry Medhurst, Robert Moffat, and John Williams. No other society has ever sent out in the same year an equal number of men distinguished for long and eminent service, both at home and abroad.

There have been three other groups of renowned missionaries, but differing in number and the extent of their spheres of labour from our own.

Of the first six Protestant missionaries to South India sent by the Danes between 1705 and 1719, four were men of great power and zeal—Henry Plutschau, Bartholomew Ziegenbalg, John Ernest Grundler, and Benjamin Schultze.

It is unnecessary to do more than name the three so variously distinguished, who laid so well the foundations of the Baptist Mission in Bengal, and gave so powerful an impulse to the missionary cause in Europe and America at the commencement of this century.

And the group of men who, with Dr. Duff, established the Free Church Mission in Calcutta have never received due honour, for Dr. Macay, Dr. Ewart, Dr. Thomas Smith, and Mr. John Macdonald were all men of exceptional ability, though in different lines ; but the brilliant qualities of their great leader cast their more prosaic and practical gifts into the shade.

The spheres of our own honoured five were very various, no two of them labouring in the same mission or even the same country. But whilst three continued their life-work in the fields to which they were first sent—China, Polynesia, and South Africa—the other two occupied spheres, one wide apart as Madras, Petersburg, and England, the other the Sandwich Islands, Madagascar, and England ; and these again filled different spheres in home work—the one mainly occupied in developing the missionary spirit in British churches, and with a success never yet surpassed ; the other in the varied spheres of a missionary, missionary ambassador, missionary foreign secretary and author, and in all was admirable ; a diversity approached by no subsequent missionary excepting the late Dr. Mullens.

Great as were the services of those "men of renown" in their foreign spheres of labour, they were yet greater in their influence in deepening, extending, and elevating the missionary cause at home ; and this in many ways. Their visits to the churches produced a profound impression. Never before, and never since, have such crowds assembled in every part of England as to hear Williams and Moffat, and Ellis, on his return from Madagascar. I have been present at several hundred missionary meetings, but never have I seen such crowds continuing to follow any other missionaries, or a more profound impression produced than by Mr. Ellis, when, in Exeter Hall, he told of his visit to Madagascar, and the sufferings of the martyrs, and cast on the platform some links of the heavy fetters worn by the enslaved Christians.

Nor were the impressions produced of an evanescent character. It is more than fifty years since some of these men were first heard, but their appearance, narratives, appeals, are yet vividly remembered, and ever will be.

Three at least of these distinguished men, Ellis, Knill, and Moffat, lived to speak of missions for many years, and retained to the last great power to interest and charm. Their influence, too, in private was great. They were eminently holy, humble, courteous gentlemen, and the blessings they brought into all the numerous houses they visited were great and enduring.

Their services to the grand cause by their pens were perhaps as great as by their tongues. No missionary books, probably, have had as great a circulation and as wide an influence as Williams' "Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands," and Moffat's "Missionary Labours and Scenes in South Africa"; and the varied though less popular works of Ellis have had a more permanent value, and influenced important classes not otherwise familiar with missionary literature.

Williams' career was brief, but it was brilliant, and its tragic termination, though at the time regarded as an irreparable loss and great disaster, did more to evoke interest and enthusiasm on behalf of missions than any single event in the long history of our Society. His dreadful death wrought more mightily for the cause he loved so well than probably a long life of noble service would have done.

These five men did more to elevate and perpetuate the name, the fame, and influence of the London Missionary Society than any other five who can be named, great and honoured as the services of many men have been. The prestige and popularity they brought to the Society they served so nobly and loyally did much to place it in the high position it has since held ; and it is noticeable that in any list of eminent modern missionaries, by whoever written, some of these are sure to be found. In their foreign spheres of labour they were all pioneers ; so well and wisely did they work that, on the foundations they laid, with but slight exceptions, flourishing missions have grown up and extended their influence into "the regions beyond." They planted, others have watered ; they surveyed and cleared the ground, others with patient toil sowed the good seed, and now "the fields are already white unto harvest." What is now wanted is suitable men to carry on the work to its glorious completion. God only can give them. And is it not right that we should *pray* to Him to *create*, *endow*, and *send out* men of transcendent power and apostolic zeal to rouse us at home to a consciousness of the grandeur and importance of the missionary enterprise abroad, and to bring, not units and tens, but thousands and tens of thousands out of heathenism into the Kingdom of God? All true and faithful labourers are

worthy of honour, and our Society has always had a large number of them. Nor should it be forgotten that the most laborious, efficient, and successful missionaries abroad are not always the best known or most popular at home. As there are now many such in our mission-fields, so there may be young missionaries now among them as richly endowed as these honoured predecessors.

PERSONAL NOTES.

CHINA.—Upon Dr. Thomson's departure from Hong Kong, quite a number of gratifying letters and resolutions were handed to him from, among others, the professional staff of the Hospital, the Court of the College of Medicine, the Committee of Union Church, &c., but the most pleasing of all was one from the missionary and native staff of the Hospital, accompanying a gift to Mrs. Thomson of a silver tea-service and some Chinese curios. The address was presented by Dr. Chung in a very kind speech, followed by a most touching word from Wang I. Ek, one of the senior students. In replying, Dr. Thomson took occasion to urge on the students the call to give their lives to the spreading of the Gospel of Jesus, closing with prayer for blessing on the lives of all present and on the work of the combined hospitals.—We understand that the University of Edinburgh, his Alma Mater, propose this month to confer upon the Rev. W. Muirhead, of Shanghai, *in absentia*, the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

INDIA.—On another page the Rev. E. Greaves gives some interesting facts connected with the new centre for work at Kachhwa. In a separate letter Mr. Greaves says: "I am much cheered by the look of things here; the people receive us kindly, and I am feeling more hopeful about real progress than I have been for years past. This village work is favourable for getting into friendly relations with the people, and of exercising individual influence. Concentration and personal contact are two things which I am endeavouring to make prominent in my work at Kachhwa."—Miss Hewlett and Miss Waitt have been spending a delightful month at Dudhi, and, on their return to Mirzapur, Dr. and Mrs. Ashton started on a visit, which is to extend over some months. Miss Waitt has been very much struck with the simple-mindedness and willingness of the people to learn.

MADAGASCAR.—Early in the year the two native school examiners, trained by Mr. Thorne and Mr. Lord, once more began the annual work of school examining. With untiring patience, month after month and year after year, do these two men go the round of all the districts, and, in company with the different missionaries, carefully test the progress of elementary education throughout the country. In the middle of January the Rev. C. Collins wrote from Farafangana :—"We are busy at present drafting children into the schools, as the Governor has ordered a school levy to be made. At the same time all children over twelve are to be released from school attendance. This is a compromise to the people, so that they will have no excuse for keeping back their little ones. It was a comical sight yesterday. One by one the bigger boys and girls who have been in the schools were measured by a stick cut to the height of the Governor's son, whose age is known to be twelve years. All whose height overtopped the stick were released from further school attendance. With joy, and much hand-shaking, they were welcomed by their relatives and friends. But in the case of those who stretched themselves to their full height, and yet came short of the mark, sorrow and anger commingled on their faces, as if they were condemned to a further term of imprisonment."

AFRICA.—The Rev. H. Williams reached Molepolole on January 7th. During his absence some Roman Catholics have been visiting the station, trying to get a foothold, but, happily have not succeeded.

SOUTH SEAS.—The old *John Williams* returned to Sydney from her annual cruise on the 10th January, all on board well. The vessel is in perfect order throughout, and requires no repairs.—The Rev. S. J. Whitmee has derived great pleasure from his visitation of the Gilbert Islands, and in contrasting the present condition of the Islands with what he saw when in 1870 he placed the first teachers there.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

DEPARTURES.

MRS. WOOKEY and two children, returning to BECHWANALAND, South Africa, embarked for CAPE TOWN, per steamer *Norham Castle*, March 9th.

The MISSES MACKENZIE, returning to SOUTH AFRICA, embarked at Southampton for ALGOA BAY, per steamer *Norham Castle*, March 10th.

The REV. R. B. LANDER, Pastor Elect to Providence Chapel, George Town, DEMERARA, with Mrs. Lander, embarked per steamer *Don*, March 14th.

ARRIVALS IN ENGLAND.

MR. J. C. THOMSON, M.A., M.D., MRS. THOMSON, and two children, from HONG KONG, China, per steamer *Peshawur*, at Plymouth, February 26th.

MISS STURROCK, from PEELTON, Kaffirland, South Africa, per steamer *Roslin Castle*, February 27th.

BIRTHS.

LEVITT.—August 1st, at New Wortley, Leeds, the wife of the Rev. James Levitt, of Calcutta, North India, of a son (Herbert Leslie).

DAVENPORT.—December 18th, at Chung King, China, the wife of Mr. Cecil J. Davenport, F.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., of a son.

MARSHALL.—January 25th, at Madras, the wife of the Rev. C. G. Marshall, of Tripatoor, South India, of a son.

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